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AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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LIVERPOOL ELECTRIC RAILWAY DISASTER; TRUMBLE'S BROTHER MURDERED BY NATIVES;
LIONESS ESCAPES FROM A CIRCUS IN SCOTLAND; SPECIAL PICTURES INSIDE.



GYPSIES AND POLICE AT BIRMINGHAM: AN EXCITING FIGHT.

The eviction of some gypsies from Black Patch, near Handsworth, was effected last week amid most riotous proceedings, in which several persons were injured. All efforts to induce them to leave their encampment peaceably having failed, the High Sheriff and Chief Constable of Staffordshire arrived with a hundred constables. The gypsies pelted them with stones, bricks, and any missiles that came handy, while Loveridge, the chief gypsy, seized a bucket of tar and threw its contents over the constables.

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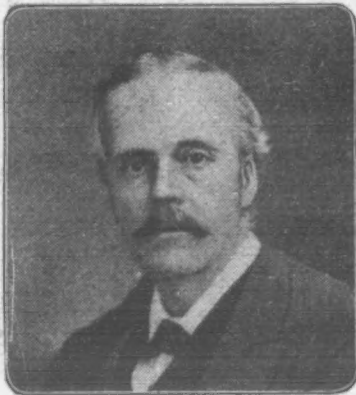
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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE FORTHCOMING GENERAL ELECTION.

The sole question of the hour in Parliamentary circles is the date of the dissolution, and no one is in a position to decide it. The various statements which are being made



Photo, Elliott & Fry.
Mr. Balfour, the Prime Minister

reflect the opinions and present intentions of different sections, but some of these are "precarious, and not at all permanent." It is understood that Mr. Chamberlain favours the policy of an election in October, and that those who think with him hold that it would be a mistake for the Government to attempt to carry on for another session. Mr. Balfour's position, on the other hand, is that, being Prime Minister of the Unionist party, with a majority of eighty, it is his duty to carry on the Government so long as his followers have confidence in him. In the meantime, the constituencies and officials are preparing against the contingency of an autumn election.

NELSON'S OFFICERS.

An interesting suggestion has been made in regard to the surviving children of Lord Nelson's officers, to which it is hoped that effect may be given before the close of the Earl's Court Exhibition.

It is that all the sons of those officers who fought under the great naval commander should hold an informal gathering for the purpose of relating the various incidents and details described to them by their fathers. The idea originated with Mr. Edgar Goble, whose father was an officer on board the *Victory*, says the *Evening News*. The gathering might also include:—

The Rev. W. C. H. Hughes D'Aeth, son of Admiral Hughes D'Aeth, who was a midshipman on the *Bellerophon* at Trafalgar.

Mr. J. C. White, son of Lieutenant H. Brice White, who served on the *Tonnant*.

Mr. Ferdinand Brand, son of Captain W. H. Brand, who served as a midshipman on the *Revenge* at Trafalgar.

If daughters and other relatives

were to take part in the gathering, there are Miss J. La Penotiere, daughter of Captain J. R. La Penotiere, who brought home the dispatches announcing the victory of Trafalgar.

Mrs. J. L. Butcher, daughter of Rear-Admiral J. Reeve, who fought at Trafalgar.

Mrs. H. E. Brembridge, daughter of Rear-Admiral Herbert, signal midshipman on the *Neptune* at Trafalgar.

Miss Yule, daughter, and the Rev. Dr. Yule, grandson, of Commander John Yule, who fought the middle-deck guns on the *Victory*.

Mrs. K. G. Farmer, granddaughter of Lieutenant Yule, of the *Victory*.

Mrs. Haldane MacFall, daughter of Admiral Sir J. H. Plumridge, K.C.B., M.P., one of Nelson's midshipmen at Trafalgar.

Mr. C. Crosbie Cooke, great-nephew, and the Misses H. Marcia Cooke and J. M. M. Cooke, great-nieces, of Captain John Cooke, of the *Bellerophon*, who fell at Trafalgar.

Mrs. William Trow, granddaughter of Lieutenant-Colonel J. Fynmore, Royal Marines Light Infantry, who was signal-midshipman on the *Africa* at the battle of Trafalgar.

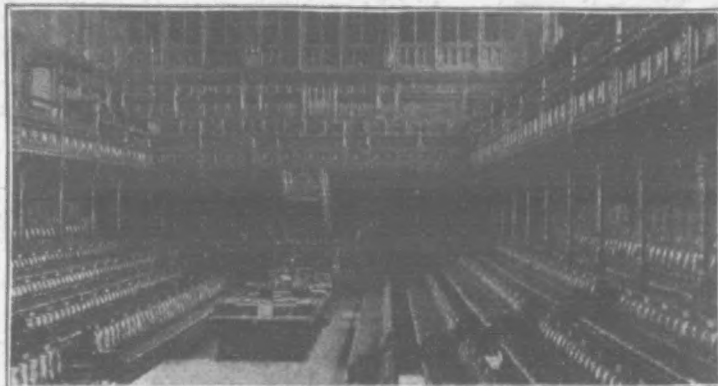
AN ARCADIAN REVIVAL.

"Mine be a cot beside the hill"—as London has grown and fashions have changed how many poor prisoners of the City have enviously reiterated this Arcadian desire! Cobbett called this straggling village of ours "the Wen," and very many of its latter-day inhabitants are of his way of thinking. To many London is the abomination of desolation, the accursed spot, the black beast of a drab existence. The last decade has seen a wonderful "boom" in the country and what is erroneously and vaguely termed "nature," says the



Photo, Elliott & Fry.
Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Party.

Daily Express. Everyone prates of the country; your novelist writes of gardens, your mystical playwright makes a study of bees, and no one will now acknowledge that he finds fields and flowers a bore, and the "simple life" (such a complicated



Photo, Frith.

WHERE REPUTATIONS ARE MADE AND MARRED: A striking photograph of the interior of the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour and the members of the Ministry sit on the right of the Speaker's chair, the Prime Minister's seat being in the bottom row just by the table. On the left sit the members of the Opposition.



Photo, Frith.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, where public interest has centred during the past week.

affair) a weariness to the flesh. We are in the throes of an Arcadian revivalism, when it is "the thing" to be a country-lover and a "nature student."

KING WHO PLAYS TRUANT.

There was consternation in court and ministerial circles in Madrid last



Photo, R. Haines.
Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P.

week, owing to the sudden disappearance of the King from San Sebastian. His Majesty started on his motor-car without warning, and in a short time all trace of him had been lost.

Police telephones were set ringing, Pampeluna, Hendaye, and other places being called up in turn, but all declared they had seen nothing of the King.

While San Sebastian telephoned the Governor of Navarre, the young King was speeding across the Pyrenees, via Jaca, and on to Pau, where he visited the castle of Henry IV.

The authorities at Pampeluna waited to catch a sight of the elusive monarch, but he crossed the town at such a speed without stopping that the news they were able to report to the authorities was most confusing.

One officer declared that the King was accompanied by the Infanta Teresa, but a message from San Sebastian stated that the Infanta had remained there. It was then agreed that one of the King's companions had been mistaken for a lady.

Finally doubts were set at rest by positive information that the King was at Tarbes, and afterwards that he had motored to Lourdes, where he visited the famous grotto, says the Madrid correspondent of the *Daily Express*.

Nobody took much notice of the tall young man who, dressed in a blue motoring costume and cap, stood in an attitude of deep devotion before the grotto, over which the crutches of the miraculously cured are arranged in a panoply, and where by day and night wax candles are kept burning.

As the King took his place in the long line of pilgrims waiting for their cup of water from the spring, a whisper went round that the devout young pilgrim was his Catholic Majesty.

It is characteristic of Lourdes that his presence did not interfere with the bathing or drinking of the water, and that the continuous appeal to the

Virgin to heal the sick who had come there to seek her help never stopped for an instant.

The young King prayed for some time at the grotto, and then went into the basilica to Mass. On his way to the building, which is only 200 yards from the grotto, the King was mobbed by poor sufferers—cripples, consumptives, and pilgrims of all ages, who begged his Majesty to pray for them. In some cases they even asked him to touch their wounds.

King Alfonso was evidently deeply moved by all the suffering he saw around him, and promised to pray for the pilgrims.

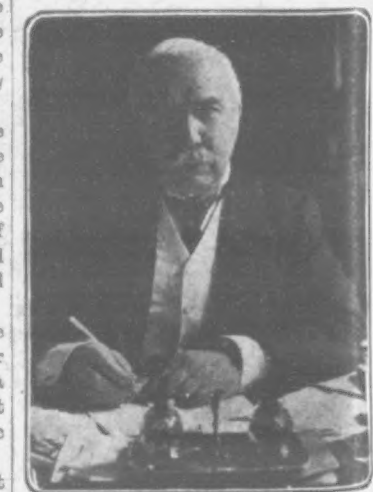
The Government agree with high dignitaries of the Royal household that something should be done to check the King's unbridled motor enthusiasm. The difficulty is that no one knows how to proceed about it.

NEXT YEAR'S TOURNAMENT.

I am going to make a few suggestions for next year's Military Tournament, says a correspondent of the *Military Mail*. In the first place, why should it not be held at a place such as Earl's Court or the Crystal Palace, where it could be given either indoors or out, according to the weather? Then a clean sweep must be made of the old moss-grown items. The public is heartily sick and tired of musical rides, lemon cutting, tent pegging, and all the rest of it. A tent pitching competition would be a distinct novelty, and should certainly be included. Then the prices of admission must be revised. The highest price should be 5s., which is quite sufficient, and a greater degree of comfort for the audience must be provided. I understand that the whole question is to be considered shortly.

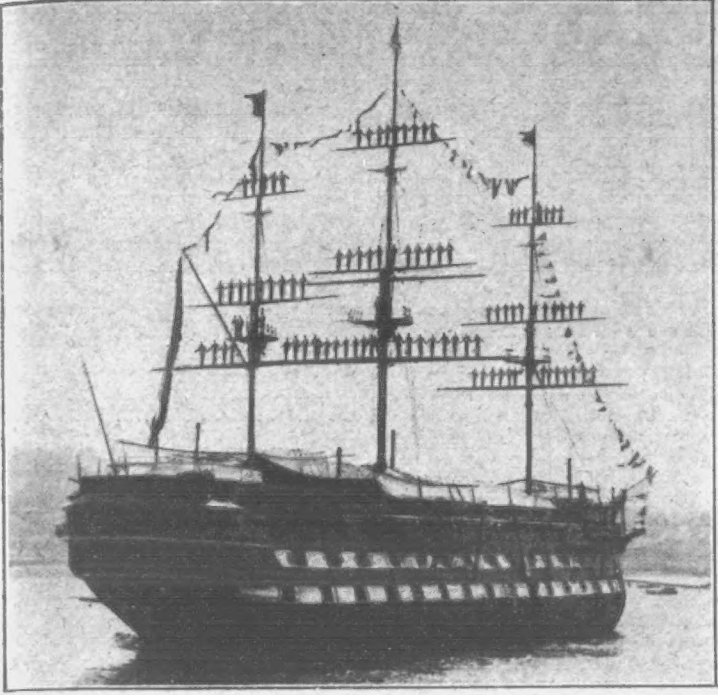
EMPIRE OF GOOD SHOTS.

The Duke of Argyll, speaking at the United Empire Club dinner, referred to Lord Roberts' letter on the subject of national defence. He said we should not rest satisfied until in every part of the Empire it was recognised as a vital principle of self-defence that every boy should know how to use a rifle. That was the only way in which we could avoid a scare panic and conscription.



Photo, E. H. Mills.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, the Leader of the Opposition.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

MANNING THE YARDS: Prize Day on H.M.S. "Worcester."

Provincialism of London.

For amazing conceit, self-satisfaction, and arrogant self-esteem the average Londoner would be bad to beat—so thinks the country cousin, says a writer in the *Express*. "Why should the Londoner buoy himself up with the absurd delusion that all the smartness, all the cleverness, all the brains, and all the enterprise are concentrated in five square miles of brick and mortar?" asks the country cousin, and with good reason. Coming straight from towns vibrating with life and energy, the young provincial finds a never-failing source of amusement in the contemplation of this phase of many-sided London. For the average Londoner with that limited range of vision, that lack of imagination supposed to be the exclusive prerogative of the provincial, clings to the idea that, while London has grown in people and in power, all the other towns in the country have quietly slumbered. He carefully closes his eyes to the fact that it is the great commercial communities outside London who have pointed the way, while London has been content to follow, very slowly, in their footsteps. The coming of the electric-car was regarded as the dawn of a new era by old-fashioned London. With an amused smile the country cousin, to whom electric-cars have long ceased to have anything of novelty, regards the attitude of proud complacency which the Londoner assumes when he boards an L.C.C. tramcar, and she casually mentions the service of cars that connects the great Yorkshire towns of Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Wakefield, Dewsbury, Batley, and Brighouse by a network of lines. But what does amaze the provincial visitor who is used to the go-ahead Americanised towns of the North, where time is money, and is valued as such, is the enormous amount of time that Londoners have to waste. The City man keeps up a fiction that he lives in a perpetual whirl of work, and is ever hovering on the brink of a nervous breakdown, but should a friend from the country send up his

card to the great man's office, he is welcomed as a pleasant relief from the daily paper. Lunch is suggested after an hour or two have been whiled away in pleasant chat about the weather and the play—and so the hours pass. The most trivial street incident is the excuse for a large crowd to collect in the busiest thoroughfare at the busiest time of the day. "Who is your representative on the council?" asks the provincial, after listening to an hour's tirade on the criminal extravagance of the authority to whom

Puzzled by Water.

An amusing bet was made a short time ago at a West-end club by a distinguished gourmet, who boasted that he would be able to identify twenty-five different wines by sipping them, one after another, with his eyes shut. The bet was accepted by three friends. When put to the proof, the gourmet mentioned each wine correctly up to the twenty-fourth. Being puzzled what to give him for the twenty-fifth, his friends decided upon water. He turned it over and over with his tongue, asked for a second mouthful, considered it with perplexed expression, and at last had an inspiration. "Of course," he exclaimed, "it's the stuff—I don't know what it's called—it's the stuff you clean your teeth with."

Frugal Millionaire.

Revelations as to the eccentricities of the late Samuel Dunlap, an octogenarian millionaire, who died recently, have been amusing New York. The revelations were made by Mrs. Ealden, Mr. Dunlap's housekeeper, in the course of legal proceedings to upset his will. Mrs. Ealden testified that Mr. Dunlap drank brandy, whiskey, champagne, claret, and gin, consuming as much as a bottle of whiskey and four bottles of champagne in the course of a day. She used to cut his hair once a month, and he told her to save the hair and put it in a mattress, as it was a pity to waste it. He explained that his hair was much better for the purpose than horsehair. Mr. Dunlap was always shabbily dressed, and during the forty years she was with him purchased only one suit of clothes, a cheap pair of grey trousers, and two top-coats. He had four straw hats in sixteen years, the last one costing only a shilling. When Mr. Dunlap's frock coat got very frayed and green, Mrs. Ealden cut off the tails in order to

up. Mr. Dunlap never wanted his shoes blacked or his clothes brushed for fear of wearing them out. During the summer of 1898 he ordered ice-cream daily for his pet dog Jacob.

Novel Type of Accident.

A tramp was unable to get lodgings at Warsop and took refuge on a haystack, which was covered with a tarpaulin. Next morning, when getting off the stack, his feet caught in the sheet strings, and, being unable to extricate himself, he was hanging by the heels for two and a half hours before he was discovered. He was in a precarious condition.

"Princess of Thieves."

The woman who was frustrated in her attempt to steal a pearl necklace, worth £2,000, from Christie's auction room recently, was sentenced at the Old Bailey to three years' penal servitude. It will be remembered that the woman, who called herself Annie Grant, substituted an imitation necklace, but was arrested before she could escape with the booty. Wearing a white silk blouse, the woman listened to the story of the attempted robbery, reported previously, with the keenest attention. Then Inspector Drew stepped into the witness-box, and gave some remarkable facts regarding her career, which had been obtained from the American police. As the record was unfolded the woman smiled cynically. "She is known to the American police as the 'Princess of Thieves,'" said the inspector. A native of Chicago, and now in her thirty-first year, he continued, "she was trained as an actress. Her real name is Annie Gleeson, and she was married some years ago to a husband who is now undergoing eight years' penal servitude for larceny. A year ago last May she was arrested in New York for some daring robberies, and committed for trial. She was released



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Prize-Day on H.M.S. "Worcester": Leonard A. Robertson, the winner of the gold medal presented annually by the King to the boy who shows the qualities likely to make the finest sailor.

"who goes into a jeweller's shop, inspects jewellery, and, by means of some sticky substance on the fingers, manages to palm an article, and deposits it beneath the counter for a confederate to pick up."

Veteran of Many Wars.

By the death of Major-General Sir George R. Hennessey, K.C.B., the British Army has lost one of its most gallant soldiers, and one with a long record of active service. The greater part of General Hennessey's campaigning was in the East. He joined the Bengal 34th N.L. in 1854, and served through the Indian Mutiny with the 93rd Highlanders and the 75th Regiment. He received a clasp for his gallantry at the relief of Lucknow. General Hennessey commanded the 15th Ludhiana Sikhs in the Afghan war, and was one of the officers who took part in Lord Roberts' famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. He also served in command of his Sikhs in the Sudan in 1885, and took part in the battles of Suakin, Hasheen, and Tofrek. Among his decorations were the Indian Mutiny medal, the Afghan war medal, the bronze star for Roberts' march, the Egyptian medal, and the Khedive's bronze star.

Muscular Vicar for Lewisham.

The Rev. W. W. Hough, the famous Cambridge athlete, has been appointed to the vicarage of Lewisham. At the 'Varsity sports of 1880 Mr. Hough won the three mile race in record time, and, although defeated by Mr. F. R. Benson, the actor, in 1881, he was again successful in the two following years.

Trailing Skirts Barred.

The municipal authorities of Mährisch Ostrau, in Moravia, have followed the example of other cities in Bohemia and Moravia, and forbidden the trailing of skirts in such a way as to raise a dust in all streets, places, and parks.



Photo, Hutchinson & Seendaen.

WIMBLEDON'S CHARTER: The Lord Mayor's carriage on the way to the Town Hall.

London has committed its destinies. And the Londoner confesses he does not know. He grumbles at the rising rates, and has not the energy to record his vote. London lacks the stimulus of the civic spirit so highly developed in the provinces, where a ratepayer follows the doings and financial enterprises of his town and county councils with all the keenness that he brings to bear upon his own business venture.

The Lady and the Lions.

Mrs. Hinde gives an account in *Blackwood* of her "personal dealings" with lions. "I have been charged by a lion. I have come face to face, at a distance of some twenty feet, with a family party of half a dozen. I have seen lions stalking game, and I have myself been stalked by them. I have seen very large numbers of lions and in all manner of circumstances."

Deathbed Marriage.

The Rev. Edward Marshall, Presbyterian minister of Middelburg, in the Transvaal, had made all arrangements for his marriage, and his fiancée, Miss Wilson, had arrived from Paisley, Scotland. Mr. Marshall fell ill, and became so enfeebled that little hopes were held out for his recovery. Both parties, however, agreed to keep their solemn compact, and the marriage ceremony was performed, Mr. Marshall being too weak to rise from his bed. Three days later the bridegroom died.

change it into a short coat. He delighted in watching the advertisements of bargain sales, and would go out and buy freely of "remnants." For eight years the eccentric old man lived in a back room in his house, which was kept at a temperature of 82 degrees, summer and winter. He seldom left it except to go out and buy whiskey or wine. During the Spanish-American war he remained sober for nine months, as he was afraid the Spaniards might blow him

on bail of £300. While on bail she was again arrested for shoplifting. She was committed for trial, and again released on bail. This time she absconded to London, arriving in June, 1904, and here she has been the associate of expert Continental and American thieves. She is described by the New York police as a skilled shoplifter and a "penny-weighter," added the inspector. "What is a 'penny-weighter'?" asked the Recorder. "A person," replied the inspector,



Photo, Bolak.

The Duke of Albany as a German Prince. Arrival with his aide-de-camp at Saxe-Coburg.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE INCORPORATION OF WIMBLEDON: The Town Clerk reading the Charter.

Military Funeral Given to Clay Dummy.

A "dummy" corpse has been given an imposing funeral at Grunheim in Germany. A few days ago Karl Buchweiler, a local railway official, died in the town. As he had served in the Franco-German war, it was decided to give him a military funeral. Owing to the intense heat, however, it was found necessary to inter the body before the funeral arrangements could be completed. Three days after the interment a clay figure representing the dead man, covered with flowers and wreaths, was borne on a velvet and silver-draped bier along the streets by old soldiers, and, joined by nearly the whole population of the town, the cortege made its way to the cemetery. There the floral offerings which covered the clay figure were flung into the open grave in which Buchweiler had been buried, and the usual funeral ceremony was performed. The dead man's "dummy" has been presented by the relatives to the regiment to which Buchweiler formerly belonged, and will henceforth accompany them on all its parades.

Old Sweetheart's Will.

In the household of Mr. Frederick Miller, a prominent merchant of Pittsburg, and formerly of Manchester, England, much embarrassment has been caused because Mr. Miller's old sweetheart, a Miss Anna Gunning, has left a will bequeathing to him £110,000, on condition that his wife predeceases him or that he divorces her. Mr. Miller, says the *Telegraph's* correspondent, is happily married, and has several children. It is twenty years since he courted Miss Gunning, and the announcement of the contents of the will came in the nature of an extraordinary surprise. Miss Gunning's will says that Mr. Miller may marry again, and even leave all the wealth to his second spouse, but to inherit the £110,000 he must no longer live with his present wife. As a further blow at the present Mrs. Miller, Miss Gunning bequeaths to him, on similar conditions, "all my furniture, household effects, and the big easy chair you loved so well." Mr. Miller, when interviewed, refused to discuss the will, but authorised the following statement: "I am perfectly happy with my present wife, and don't think there is any prospect of getting a divorce." Mrs. Miller, who was

present at the time, laughed heartily, kissed her husband, and said: "Money couldn't buy them."

Death of a British General.

A Central News dispatch from St. Petersburg states that a message has been received from Irkutsk announcing the death of Lieut.-General Sir Montagu G. Gerard, K.C.B., who was officially attached to the Russian Army. The late General was born in 1843, and came of a military stock.



The Lifeguard Cossacks, whose duty it is to act as the personal bodyguard of the Tsar.

He was educated at Stonyhurst and Woolwich, and entered the Royal Artillery in 1864. He was appointed to the Bengal Staff Corps in 1870, and joined the Central India Horse shortly after. Both in the Abyssinian campaign and in the Afghan war of that period he gained distinction. After further service he was employed in the secret service in Persia, and then took part in the Egyptian campaign of 1882. He resumed his work in Persia, and was in charge of the present Tsar's tour of 1890-91. This led to his appointment as military

attaché in St. Petersburg. In 1895 he was on the Commission for delimitating the Pamir boundary, and was then transferred to India, where he occupied the position of brigadier-general commanding the Hyderabad contingent of the British Army. He was a thorough soldier, devoted to his work, and a keen hunter of big game.

Sailors Prefer Plain Food.

As the British bluejacket appears to like money better than good food, the system of rations introduced into the Navy nearly two years ago is likely to be abandoned. When this system was introduced jam, coffee, compressed vegetables, preserved meat, and condensed milk were added to the rations in place of chocolate, salt pork, and salt beef; but the men retained the right of receiving money instead of all the food provided. The Committee of Public Accounts has discovered that the bluejackets exercise the privilege to such an extent that the revision of the system of victualling has merely increased the pocket-money.

Fasting on Mineral Water.

Fraulein Augusta Victoria Schenk, a well-known Vienna actress, began a three weeks' fast last week. After partaking of what may be termed her "send-off" meal, consisting of beef-steak, salmon trout, spinach, and a pint of beer, followed by two glasses of port wine, Fraulein Schenk delivered an address at the Grand Café on the Prater, where over six hundred people had assembled to witness the "hunger artist" taking her last supper. Amid loud cheers from a number of university students, Fraulein Schenk entered the iron and glass cell in which she has to spend the next three weeks, taking nothing meanwhile but mineral water. The "hunger artist" will study the principal part in Schiller's "Mary Stuart" during her fast.

A Border Festivity.

Langholm, a Scottish town near the border, celebrated the riding of the marches among other ways by a man carrying aloft a barley bannock and a salt herring, by a monster thistle, and a floral crown carried in procession by several hundred children, flourishing heather blooms, and by a proclamation declaring that: "Good strong whisky punch would make all sing, Because that day they had done a good thing."

Sir Conan Doyle on Picture-Postcards.

At the fourth annual meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., Sir Conan Doyle said: "There was a time—only a year or two ago—when nearly all the colour printing was done abroad, and I think it is a great thing for our firm to be able to boast that it has brought this great trade to England, and that that part of the trade in which it is most predominant, and in which it entirely commands the market, is just the highest part of all—that the cheap colour printing may be done abroad, but the oilettes, which are admittedly the very best that are done anywhere in Europe, are almost entirely produced in this country, and are exported from this country to Germany and to other European nations. Quite recently the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which, as you know, holds a position second to none in the German press, said it was glad to see these things coming into their country and being exhibited in their shop windows, because it raised the whole national standard of taste in Germany to have such postcards as we send over to them. I think, considering how long the current has been setting the other way, it is very pleasant to think that, by our exertions, we have turned it, and that we are making British art more appreciated on the Continent than it has been up till now."

Whale Chased by a Steamship and Stranded.

The steamer *Douglas Castle*, from Glasgow to Liverpool, had an exciting experience with a whale off Ayr Bay. The whale, which was fully 75ft. long, was sighted when the steamer was two days out from the Clyde. It was thrashing the sea with its huge tail, and rolling over and over, occasionally spouting a column of water in the air. A small boat was launched from the steamer, but the descent of a column of water damped the ardour of the crew, who retreated, followed by the whale. The captain of the steamer then ordered full speed ahead direct at the monster, which, in its frantic efforts to escape, got into shallow water up the bay. Here it became stranded, and could be seen gasping away its life. The steamer was unable to follow any further for want of water, and although pressed for time, she



MRS. MCBRIDE (Miss Maude Gonne), the well-known Irish agitator who married Major McBride of the Boer Forces, and who has been suing for a divorce.

remained sufficiently long off the bay to observe some Ayr fishermen, who had witnessed the pursuit, hasten down to the shore, launch their craft, and administer the last stroke to the dying whale. Such a capture is extremely rare in this district, the usual haunt of whales being no nearer than the outer Hebrides.

The Book of the Bicycle.

We have received for review the latest edition of the "Book of the Bicycle," issued by Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth. It should prove most useful to all cyclists owing to the simplicity of the instructions throughout. The unpacking of the patent crate and the making of the machine, ready for riding are lucidly explained, and the most untechnical rider can with these instructions, prepare his machine for riding without the least difficulty. The various details of the mechanism of the machine are plainly described, and instructions given for such adjustments as may from time to time be necessary. The charts and indices of the interchangeable parts of the machines on pages 30 to 35 will be found most valuable to riders in identifying and ordering parts which have been damaged by accident. One of these handy manuals accompanies every bicycle sent out, and they are also freely supplied to dealers who stock the Rudge-Whitworth machines.



LIVERPOOL ELECTRIC RAILWAY DISASTER: Dr. Sumner, of Waterloo, who participated in the sorrowful work that was done after the disaster, says: "For a long time no rubber gloves or other safeguards were available, and for nearly a quarter of an hour after the accident we had nothing better to move the wreckage than a piece of a telegraph pole, which we had to use as a lever."



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE CAMP OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, at Windmill Hill, Andover. Gentleman Cadet J. A. O. Brooke receiving a sword of honour from General Lyttleton last week.

How the Tsar Escaped.

When the Tsar went out to meet the Kaiser he left his palace more after the fashion of an escaping prisoner than a great monarch going forth to meet another great ruler. For the last six months he has been little more than a prisoner in his splendid palace. All his movements have been circumscribed by the terrible dread of the weapons of anarchy, and he has not dared to venture within reach of any place that might afford cover for the bomb-thrower. His escape from Peterhof was carried out under cover of a small fleet of patrol boats. The palace is situated within 500 yards of the Gulf of Finland, with which it is connected by a canal. A pier has been built on this canal for the exclusive use of the Imperial family. The Tsar walked quickly down to this pier on Sunday morning, surrounded by a party of his most trusted servants. Here he embarked in a small steam launch, which, protected by its guardian patrol boats, hurried away to the Imperial yacht. The *Pole Star* was anchored but a short distance out, and the Tsar was safely on board before the majority of the inmates of the palace were aware of his departure.

"For Soldiers and Dogs."

Two printed notices have been posted over the two booking-office windows at the Harzburg railway station, Germany. Over one is written, "For first, second, and third class"; over the other, "For soldiers and dogs."

Sebastopol Mutiny.

The court-martial on the mutineers of the *Potemkin* and *Georgi Pobiedonosels* shows that the mutiny was of a far graver character than has hitherto been generally known, says the *Standard's* Odessa correspondent. It has been clearly demonstrated that the great majority of the crews of the whole fleet and the artillerymen of the fortress were implicated in a plot of wide ramifications. The plan was, after the squadron had arrived at Tendra Point for manoeuvres, to seize the admiral, the commanders, and their staffs, and put them ashore on



That Nicholas II. believes in stern repression is once more proved by the removal of General Kozloff as Governor-General of Moscow. He has proved himself entirely too humane for the post. General Kozloff is to be replaced by the Tsar's personal friend, General Kleigels, whose sympathy with the late M. de Plehve's policy is notorious. General Kleigels, after being eight years Prefect of St. Petersburg, was appointed last year to the Governor-Generalship of the provinces of Kieff, Podolsk, and Volhynia. He is of Scottish origin, the name of his family having originally been Clayhills.

Tendra Spit, then to hoist the red flag, and return to Sebastopol and seize the fortress and arsenal. The artillerymen had sworn not only to oppose the mutinous squadron, but to turn their guns upon the town and garrison and bombard the latter in case they refused to join the revolt. The rest of the fleet were ready, and in any case would have been compelled to join the mutineers. A respectfully, but peremptorily worded telegram, a copy of which was discovered, was then to be despatched to the Tsar demanding a constitution and an amnesty, failing which the fleet would destroy every port and town on the Russian littoral whose garrison declined to mutiny. Odessa, after twenty-four hours' notice to the inhabitants, was first to be reduced to a heap of ruins. This well-elaborated and, well-kept plot failed solely

dent view of the naval situation. The men who held or honestly endeavoured to hold aloof from the mutiny have since become as much disaffected as the rest. For the time being the Euxine fleet is useless as a fighting factor. Scarcely a naval officer is seen in the streets of Sebastopol. Admiral Tehuknin has forbidden them to enter any public resorts, hotels, restaurants, etc., and those who have no quarters on shore must mess and remain on board ship. The troops guarding the arrested crews are frequently changed and closely watched by double relays of inspecting officers in consequence of their fidelity being suspected.

The Unforgotten Voice.

A skipper, who lives in Paris when not away at sea, bought a phonograph and recited into it his most successful pieces, so that when far from home his wife could sit and turn the handle and listen to the familiar voice. But a week ago, during her temporary absence, burglars broke into the house and stole the phonograph and other valuables. For days she wandered about despairing. Suddenly (says the *Tel. graph's* correspondent) she was rivetted to the spot while passing down an alley at La Villette. She heard the old familiar voice again singing the comic trooper's song. She rushed to the police-station, and brought constables to the place. The voice was still thundering, this time a pathetic seafaring yara. The police entered the house, and found in the cellar half a dozen rascally looking men sitting round a phonograph in fits of laughter, while it roared out to them the dramatic monologue. The men were secured, and proved to be the burglars who had broken into the grass widow's flat.

so much good work among disabled soldiers, has been employing Dunning at light carpentry work, but he has now become so weak that it has been necessary to transfer him to the lighter task of basket-making. The story of his experiences was modestly told by Dunning to an *Express* representative. He was one of a detachment of 500 guarding a convoy from Wolmaranstad to Klerksdorp, which was attacked by 3,000 Boers near the latter place. "I could see nothing but one big man on a big grey horse, moving about among the trees fifty yards away," he said. "I thought of nothing but him, and kept saying to myself, 'I must bring him down.' I knelt down and fired carefully. The big man came down like a shot, and the grey horse bolted. At the same instant about a dozen men broke cover twenty yards away and fired at me. I was hit in several places, and went down. I was still conscious, but our men thought I was dead, and used me and the bodies of other men as a rampart to fire over, until one by one they were all silenced. I remember some men dragging my clothes off me later on. They left me stark naked, but one of them put my water-bottle to my mouth, and said, 'Good-bye, chap, you're going.' Dunning had eight bullets in his body, and a broken arm. Some of the bullets were not extracted until he reached Krugersdorp, eight days later. Practically all the ribs on the right side have been shot away, and he now wears a thick felt jacket, with steel supports, to keep him from collapsing. He has a pension of 1s. 6d. a day, which he supplements a little by basket-making. Even this light work, however, is obviously a severe tax upon him, and he is frequently unable to carry it on. He is thirty years old, and has one



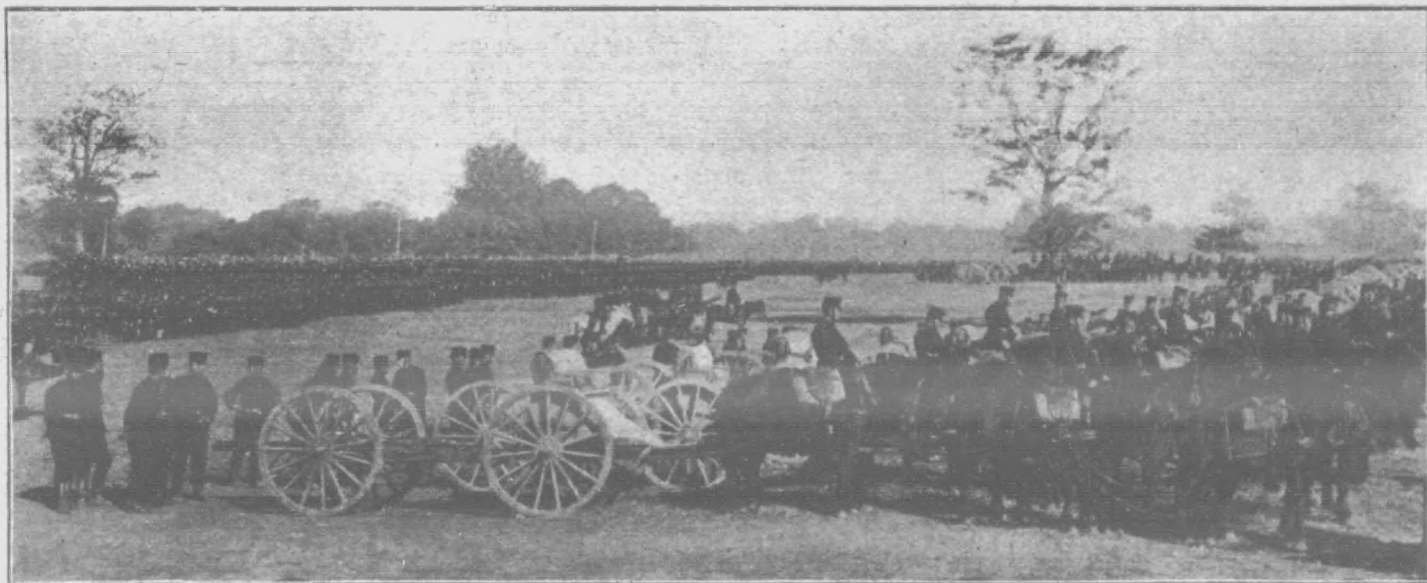
Photo, H. C. White.

JAPANESE SURGICAL SKILL. This man, who is seen with his doctor, Capt. Okada, was shot through the back of the neck. The shot emerged below the eye,

servitude by Mr. Justice Wills, at Warwick Assizes for an attempt to murder a girl seven years old at Erdington. Marrow's only motive apparently was revenge on the child's mother. He decoyed the little girl into a field, stabbed her twice, and left her there throughout a cold March night. When he was arrested, Marrow admitted his guilt, and said: "I should have killed the mother, but she would not leave the house, so I thought I would kill the child."

Man's Winged Dependents.

It is a striking fact that, while the martin at a pinch will breed far away from the familiar bedroom windows, the swallow is now as incapable of building except on a basis of human architecture as the mistletoe is of growing except upon a tree. Colonies



THE JAPANESE HAVE CAPTURED THE CAPITAL OF SAGHALIEN: This snapshot, from a war correspondent in Tokio, shows reinforcements for the Japanese Army who took part in the fight, these men having been sent to Saghalien at the beginning of last month.

Live Man Used as a Shield.

Probably not another man alive has had the terrible experience of Private Dunning, formerly of the Northumberland Fusiliers, whose body was used as a firing shield by his comrades during an affair of outposts in the South African war. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, which has done

child and a young and pretty wife, who, it is plain, idolises the broken soldier. Dunning also fought at Omdurman, and was shot through the hip at Modder River.

Twenty Years' Imprisonment.

Frederick Arthur Marrow was sentenced to twenty years' penal

of martins' nests are still to be found clustered to the cornices and projections of precipitous rock faces here and there about these islands. But we nowhere find the swallow still affixing his nest to the inside of a hollow tree, as he did in earlier ages. —*The County Gentleman and Land and Water.*



"DON COSSACKS," many of whom have refused to do police duty in the disaffected cities in Russia, and are under arrest.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

National Roads.

Mr. Arthur Stanley introduced into the House of Commons last week a Bill to provide for the establishment of a Highway Commission for England and Wales, and for the amendment of the laws relating to highways. The Bill has been in preparation for some time. It applies, as a matter of fact, many of the principles laid down by the Royal Commission on London Traffic to the whole of the country. Its principal objects are:—

1. To create a central department for the purpose of assisting the local highway authorities;
2. To increase largely the highway powers of the county authorities;
3. To provide for the construction of new main roads through and out of the large urban districts;
4. To protect the interests of the ratepayers by providing that suburban districts shall be laid out according to some definite plan, under which new trunk roads of adequate width shall be built, and the existing ones widened before building operations commence, and so render unnecessary costly street widening and improvement schemes; and
5. To amend the law relating to the maintenance of bridges.

Among other things, the Bill gives power to the Highway Commissioners to classify certain roads as "National roads," and to contribute towards the expenses of the maintenance, alteration, or reconstruction of such roads out of moneys to be provided by Parliament. The Bill, in fact, asks Parliament to recognise that the condition of the trunk roads of this country is a national question. Following the recommendations of the Departmental Committee on Highways, it also provides for the establishment of highway authorities for combined areas, and if adopted it would make the county councils the supreme authority for all highways within the county in the same way as Parliament has recently made the County Council the supreme authority for educational matters. Other important provisions relate to the widening of roads, the establishment of satisfactory building lines, and the prevention of unnecessary openings in the highways, and generally giving to the highway administration of this country the unity which it at present lacks.

A Floral Cushion.

One of the prettiest ways of decorating a dinner-table is by means of a floral cushion. This can be set down just as it is in the middle of the table, and it will serve for several dinners. Where roses are plentiful they make a lovely cushion, but chrysanthemums, if less scented, answer the purpose most admirably, as they last longer than roses. Very fine-meshed wire netting is required for the frame, which needs careful cutting to shape. A square cushion is pretty enough, and perhaps it would be as well for an amateur to make a first trial on a square one. But the square with very acute angles is the most graceful shape. The netting is cut with wire cutters. The cutting can be done at the shop where it is bought, so saving labour. First, the square is cut to a given size, say 18in. for each side. To get the four sharp corners, each side is curved in a little, say four meshes deep in the centre being cut to slant

to the points at each corner. Two pieces of the wire netting must be cut, the one for the top, the other for the bottom of the cushion. The edges of the wire netting are lightly bound together on three sides by means of gardener's matting—some call it "batting"—and then through the end left open it is thickly, softly, compactly stuffed with soft moss made very moist, but not so wet as to drip. The moss is damped so as to keep the flowers fresh a long while, but if it be not desired to keep them long, of course, soft, dry moss may be used as cushion stuffing. The width and thickness of the cushion will be easily regulated by this moss, which is pressed into all corners. If the binding has not been too tightly done, the edges will open slightly and allow of a very good thickness of moss being admitted, yet without fear of any of it coming out. It is wonderful how like a cushion the moss-stuffed wire begins to look as the work is pressed to shape. When the stuffing is complete and the side closed, the fringe is the next point. Any kind of feathery fern will make an elegant fringe, either maidenhair or asparagus fern will look lovely. But if these are too expensive, any fine feathery grass, even bunches of wild grasses, will do equally well. All that is wanted is a long, soft fringe of equal length all round. The fringe is bound on in small bunches, previously tied together. When the fringe is finished, the chosen flowers are inserted as thickly as may be, each mesh having a flower, and all the meshes being covered. The flowers are set so thickly as to touch each

hard flesh. They should be fed three times regularly each day, and their food should be soft meal, at it is almost impossible to get fowls in proper form on hard corn. Buckwheat meal, barley meal, white Indian meal, or Sussex or Kent ground oats, mixed with a little rice flour and skimmed milk, and occasionally dripping or suet, are good foods. The feeding-troughs, which must be kept constantly scoured, should be placed before the birds at regular intervals, the first being early in the morning; and when they have eaten sufficient it is best to remove the troughs, placing a little grit within reach of the fowls to assist digestion. The food should be freshly mixed each day, and no more given than will be eaten clean at each meal. Keeping the fowls without food for some hours after they are put up frequently induces them to take it more readily afterwards; but sufficient attention is rarely bestowed on the various details of preparing and supplying the food, hence the complaints of the fowls deteriorating in the fattening pen are far from uncommon. A coop 3ft. high, 2ft. wide, and 4ft. long will admit from six to eight fowls; the bottom and front should be of bars 3in. apart; a board outside in front, 6in. wide, will serve as a stand for the food trough. The coop should be in a warm, well-ventilated shed, and if kept dark between the times of feeding so much the better. Sleep and warmth promote fattening; stale food, irregular times, coops in draughts, and places not protected from cold, and the sight of fowls at liberty do not. Any spare outhouses should be arranged with a row of such pens along either side, leaving a passage way of 3ft. Place them 3ft. from the floor, and underneath strew ashes or dry earth mixed with powdered lime, so that the droppings of the fowls may be easily removed. While keeping



"TOILERS OF THE FIELD."

other. No leaves are used with them, only blooms, the stalks being pressed into the moss one at a time. Crimson, white, or yellow cushions look handsome. It is also possible to produce patterns in colours, or even to show initials. The same netting will serve many times.

Fattening Young Fowls.

The quickest way to fatten fowls for the table is to put them into special coops and feed them with meal. Premising that they be young—say, sixteen to eighteen, or even twenty weeks old—and fleshy, two weeks' confinement ought to make them very good. The birds must have room in the coop to stand up and shift their positions, but not to move about. They should not be allowed out, as exercise promotes the growth and development of muscle, and consequently tends to the production of

the birds warm, see that the house has good top ventilation. The best class of fowls for fattening purposes is a heavy docile sort, such as the Dorking, Sussex, white or jubilee Orpington, and crosses of any of these breeds with each other or with an Indian Game Cock. Where feathered legs are not objected to, the Faverolles, Brahmas, and Cochins are very useful.

Look after Pot Roses.

We call the attention of market growers who do large batches of roses in pots in winter and early spring in glasshouses to the plants that have been turned out into the open with a rush to make room for other crops, says a writer in *Gardening Illustrated*. These crops of roses or toms will all be in by this time. There was, perhaps, just a little excuse for the roses having more or less to take care of themselves while the catch crops were being rushed in, as time is on the wing and the summer will soon be on the wane. Many of the plants are straggling in growth, so let them receive a moderate regulation. Take about 1½in. of soil from the surface of the pots and top-dress with a good sound loam in which bone meal and soot have been mixed, 56lb. of meal and 1 bush. of soot to each cubic yard of soil, and if the soil is inclined to lightness 6lb. sulphate of potash should also be mixed in. This top-dressing should be put on firmly, and in order to do this effectively the potting stick should be used. Leave sufficient space below the rim to hold enough water to soak all the soil in the pots quite through. Arrange the plants in the full sun on a hard bottom, and so grouped in rows of three or four lines that they can be got at easily with the hose for watering. If some long litter can be put around and among the pots the root will be kept cool and the watering will so be lessened. Care must be taken to keep mildew down. Growers are most care-

less about this matter. If the plants are sprayed over with potassium sulphide (liver of sulphur) occasionally this trouble will be kept at bay, and if soft soap is used with the sulphide insects will vanish. Every effort should be made to cause the plant to lay a good foundation for the next season's bloom. We again protest against the neglect that pot roses have to endure when outside in

A Poultry Note.

The expense of accommodating birds at liberty is very small compared with confining them in runs, as it is necessary to provide only a house. No wire-netting, gates, posts, or gravel are needed, merely a portable house to hold about fifty fowls, which can be made for considerably below £4. There is another important fact or not to be overlooked, and that is, by this system the danger of tainted soil is entirely overcome, as the houses can be frequently moved to fresh ground. Land over which chickens run is quickly improved, and to a far greater extent than the majority of farmers imagine. A case of this came under my notice a few months ago. A farmer allowed a neighbouring poultry-keeper to place some portable



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE leaving one of the £150 cottages at the Letchworth Exhibition last week.

houses on his land. There were three meadows, consisting of about forty acres, and ten houses were placed thereon. The first season the farmer charged 15s. a house, from hay time until the following March 25th. The birds improved the land so greatly that the next year a reduction of 5s. a house was made, and each succeeding year a small reduction has been made. Last year, five years after first placing the houses on the land, no charge was made, as the farmer considered the fowls did so much good to his ground. This is certainly a very striking example, and proves what a very beneficial effect poultry have on the soil on which they run.

A Gardener's Diary For August.

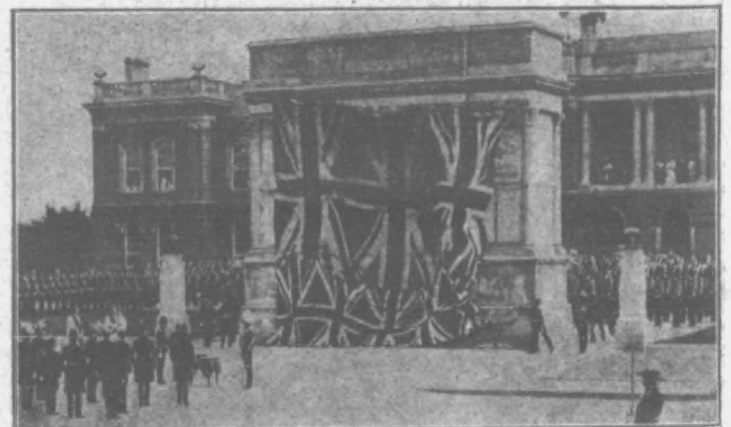
Average Temperature, 61.

- Take pansy cuttings.
- Stake dahlias, phloxes, &c.
- Keep soil from caking by constant hoeing.
- Take cuttings of geraniums, fuchsias, &c., and strike them out of doors.
- Give copious supplies of water to rose-trees and syringe foliage often.
- Cuttings of rose trees may be inserted now on a cool border.
- Roseries must be constantly watered.
- Disentangle shoots of climbing plants and tie back artistically.
- Water lawn daily, and do not cut too low.
- Cuttings of most plants may be taken now and inserted in a shady border with every chance of success.
- Cut down old raspberry canes to make way for the new.
- Protect fruit from wasps and other insects.
- Pinch off the tops of runner beans.
- Earth up celery and put out more young plants.
- Remove leaves which obstruct light on wall-peaches, apricots, &c.
- Syringe frequently.
- Give air day and night to green-houses.
- Give constant supplies of liquid manure to chrysanthemums.
- Cut back climbing plants on the



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE KING AT CHATHAM: His Majesty plants a tree in commemoration of his visit.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE KING AT CHATHAM: Unveiling the Memorial Arch to Royal Engineers who fell in South Africa. The photograph shows the scene just before the huge Union Jack fell away from the front of the arch.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

With the decision of the fourth of the series of test matches, all doubt as to the mythical "ashes" remaining in England was set at rest. One

ately, printed—on matters sporting; but how on earth can anyone describe Warner's blunder of last Saturday as a sporting declaration. Middlesex had the game safe, and,



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

MAN v. DOG FIGHT: These dogs are trained to stop a man; they are muzzled, will go for a trespasser, flying at his chest or throat, and though unable to bite will worry a man until the keeper comes up. An exhibition of this was given at the Gamekeepers' Dog Show held at Leeds, July 19. A well-known pugilist undertook the role of the supposed poacher, with the result that he had his leg broken. A second man came off with a broken ankle, while a third man had his collar-bone put out. After this no one could be found who would face the dog.

can only express regret that luck must enter into the game of cricket, and that it has gone against our visitors in nearly every representative match. All four times Stanley Jackson beat Darling in the toss, and it is to be hoped that the Australian captain will get choice of innings in the remaining fixture at the Oval, though it will be cold comfort to them even if they win the match outright.

But, candidly, I don't think they will have that small solatium, for almost on any form this season they cannot be made out as equal to the side that England can command. Jackson is credited with saying that this year England has the strongest lot that ever represented the Old Country. While not quite going so far as that, I am convinced that the Australians are nothing like as strong in bowling as was anticipated, and that England have a selection from players much above the class of average years. Of course, the falling-off of Laver and the comparative failure of Cotter and Noble with the ball has made all the difference in the world to the Colonials. By the way, Noble made his highest score of the tour against Sussex at the beginning of this week.

There were two remarkable finishes in the cricket world last week. One was between Middlesex and Essex, and the other between Surrey and the Australians. Which was the more sensational finish it would be difficult to decide, but one thing is certain, and that is the result in each case upset the calculations of the parties concerned.

A good deal of nonsense is now and again written—and, unfortun-



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Refreshment under Difficulties: Miss Kellerman at Dover, practising for her cross-channel swim.

being desirous of robbing Essex of all the credit that is due to them for a very fine win, and, moreover, wish the best of fortune to go to the Leyton side. They had, last Saturday, to score runs at a rate of about a hundred an hour—fast enough in any circumstances, but lightning pace when you are fighting the clock. Anyway, it was a rare good win, and Percy Perrin had the distinction of joining the noble band who have so far scored two centuries in one match. The curious part about this is the fact that prior to the match under notice he had not reached three figures this season.

The getting out of Surrey by the Australians was little short of farcical last Saturday evening. The Colonials made 241 at their first attempt, and the Surreyites responded with 357. A lead of 116 and the wicket wearing none too well appeared good enough for anything, but then our visitors are never done with until the last wicket has gone. Clem. Hill came out of his shell in remarkable fashion.

He played a splendid innings for 89 at the first attempt, but he went one better at the second, for he exceeded the century by four. In both instances he played beautiful cricket, and the drive, either to the off or the on, the leg glance, and the cut were all delightfully executed. The Colonials won the match by 22 runs, and any amount of praise is due to Armstrong, who bowled

splendidly on the last day, and secured six wickets for 25 runs.

W. C. Smith bowled very well for Surrey. He had the capital average of six for 27 in the first innings, and in the second he got the same number of men out for 97. Hayward played very good cricket in both innings, and scored 122 runs in the match. Hobbs, Stedman, and Holland also did well.

Sussex gained a capital victory over Hampshire by six wickets, despite a century for the latter county by Stone. Vine exceeded three figures for the victors, and other good scores were made by R. A. Young and K. O. Goldie. The feature of the Leicestershire v. Derbyshire match was the bowling of Jayes, who in the second innings of the latter county secured nine wickets for 78 runs, and so won the match. Jayes' value is only being fully recognised this season, but I fancy the Leicestershire authorities will find him one of their indispensable men next season.

GOLF.

At the Irish Golfing Union's meeting at Dollymount last Monday England won the international championship with some amount of ease. Our representatives beat the Scottish by 31 holes to 5 and the Irish by 21 to 18, while Ireland defeated Scotland by 46 holes to 5. Messrs. Worthington, Girdlestone, and Potter were in fine form for the victors.

LAWN TENNIS.

Yet another championship disappointment awaited Norman Brookes last Saturday, when, at the Midland Counties meeting, he was beaten in the final of the gentlemen's singles by S. H. Smith. But the Australian put up a game fight, the Stroud player only winning, after a tremendous struggle, by 15-13, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4. In the ladies' championship Miss C. M. Wilson (holder) beat Miss D. K. Douglass (the ex-

SWIMMING.

Channel swimming is generally a popular form of amusement at this period of the year, but getting right across the narrow straits has not yet been accomplished, except by Capt. Webb. The latest aspirants to fame in that direction have failed in their efforts, and most good judges say that poor Webb's record will stand for many a year.

The race for the English 440 yards salt water championship will take place to-morrow (Saturday) at Southport, and it is probable that D. Billington will retain his title of holder. The Bacup celebrity, if all the entrants compete, will have as opponents B. B. Kieran, the Australian; C. E. Forsyth, of Hyde Seal S.C.; W. A. Curnen, of Liverpool; H. Taylor, of Chadderton; and W. Heywood, of East Oldham.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

There was plenty to interest the follower of athletics and cycling last Saturday. What with the National Cyclists' Union Championships at Birmingham, the race for the Dibble Shield at the Crystal Palace, the Public Schools Championships at the L.A.C. meeting, and other events of importance, the day was fully occupied.

E. Payne, the Worcester crack, was successful in two of the cycling championships at Aston, but J. S. Benyon, the Liverpool rider, came a cropper in the final of the quarter-of-a-mile event through his tyre collapsing. He also brought down C. E. Baker, of Carmarthen, rendering Payne's task considerably easier than it otherwise would have been. Payne won in 32 2-5secs., with H. D. Buck, of the Anerley B.C., second.

In the mile singles Payne beat the Leeds man, H. Crowther, by a couple of yards in 2min. 32 3-5secs. Benyon was third, but the form is scarcely good enough for him, and



Photo, Topical.

Going with the wind, Cissac, the French motor-cyclist, made two new records on his 14-h.p. Peugeot cycle at Blackpool last week. The flying kilometre record of 26secs., which he made at Brighton, was reduced by two-fifths of a second, and the standing mile record was lowered three seconds to 50 1-5secs.

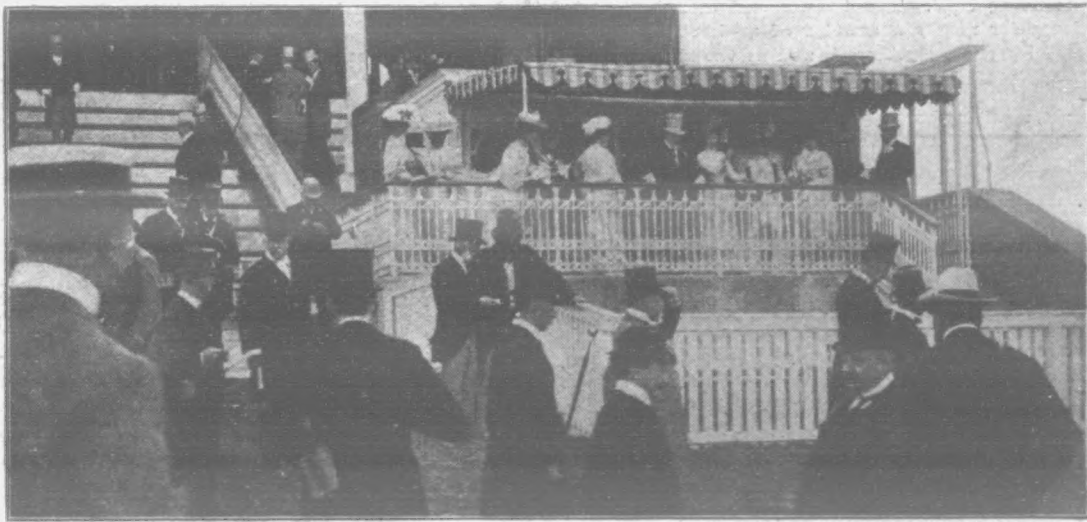
ton, and V. B. Casey, Putney, in 2min. 13 4-5secs.

Many were the congratulations showered upon little Leon Meredith upon his winning the Dibble Shield outright. All the best long-distance riders have been trying to secure absolute possession of it for the past twenty years, but only Meredith scored the three successive wins necessary to make it his absolute property. He covered 149 miles 1,160 yards in the six hours allotted to the race.

The postponed L.A.C. meeting, at which the Public Schools Championships were set for decision, was brought off at Stamford Bridge, and some good performances have to be recorded. G. H. Weller, of University College School, won the hundred in 10 3-5secs., W. H. Dunnett, Ipswich, secured the hurdles in 17 3-5secs., and T. F. Muncey, of University College School, the 440 yards. In the half-mile S. P. L. Lloyd, South-Eastern College, scored a win, W. H. Dunnett, with a leap of 20ft. 10in., placed the long jump to his credit, and Lloyd followed his half-mile success by winning the mile. The steeplechase went to H. G. Yates, of Battersea Grammar School, and the open events were well up to the L.A.C. standard.

There was a rare gathering of champions at the West of Scotland Harriers' sports at Ibrox Park, Glasgow. J. W. Morton and J. P. Stark fought their several battles at 100 yards over again, and once more Morton won, though only by a foot, in 10 1-5secs. Alfred Shrubbs won the mile and three miles, but the best performance was that of R. S. Stronach, who won the hurdles in 15 4-5secs.

B. J. Blunden, the half-mile champion, and the holder of the title at 440 yards, Lieut. Halswell, tried conclusions at 880 yards, and a splendid race was given as a dead-heat, though a number of the onlookers thought that Blunden had won. Halswell won the quarter-of-a-mile, and T. R. Nicholson won the shot-putting.



Photo, Frith.

GOODWOOD RACES: A unique snapshot of the King and Queen in the Royal box.

champion lady player) by 7-5, 6-4. Brookes had some consolation, inasmuch as he, in company with G. W. Hillyard, beat M. J. G. Ritchie and S. H. Smith in the doubles, the scores being 6-8, 6-4, 10-8, 6-2.

he doubtless had not recovered from his fall earlier in the afternoon. The one mile tandem championship resulted in A. E. Wills, Putney, and F. S. Wills, Polytechnic, winning the final from G. F. Summers, Padding-

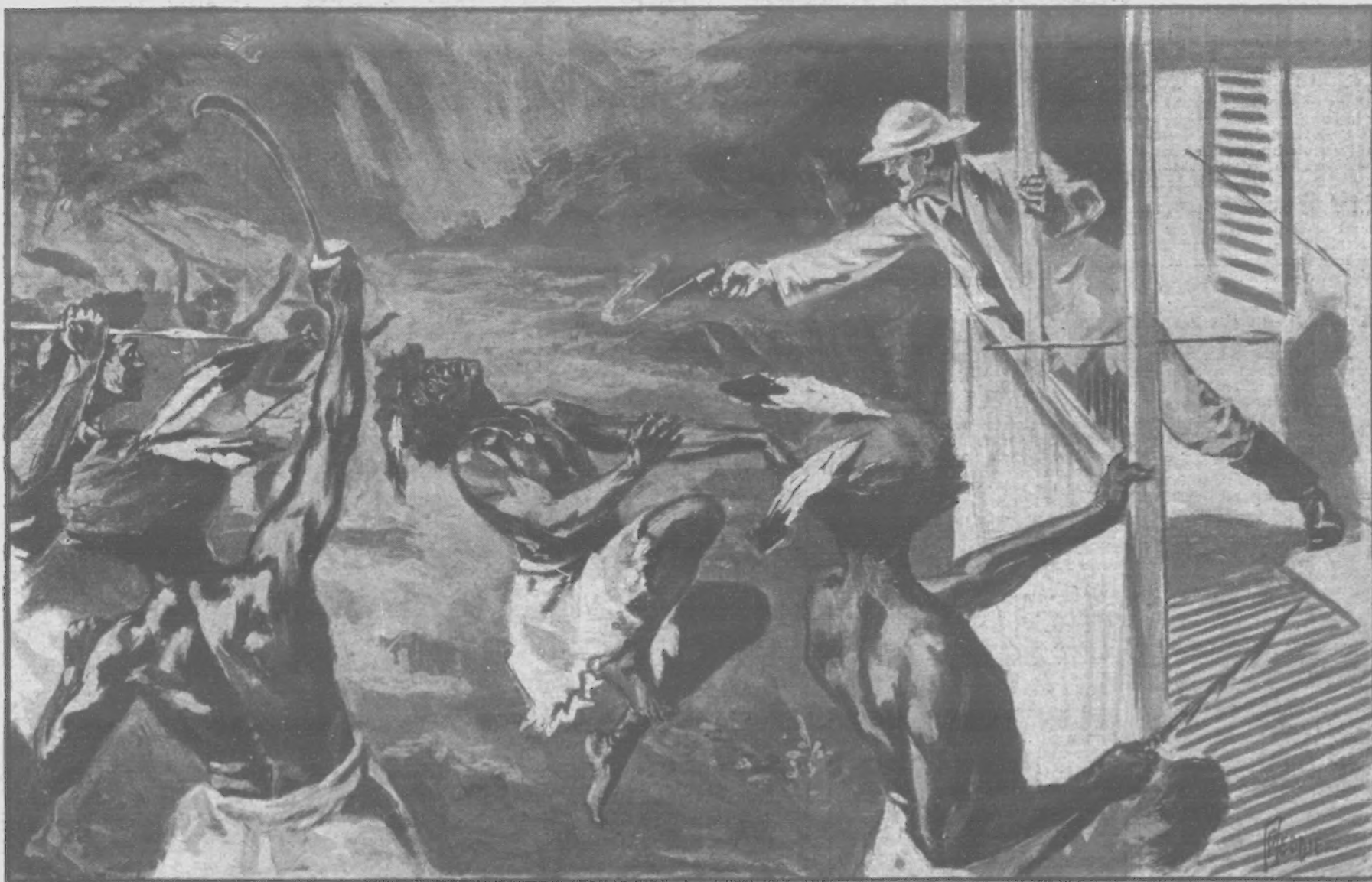


Photo, Bolak.

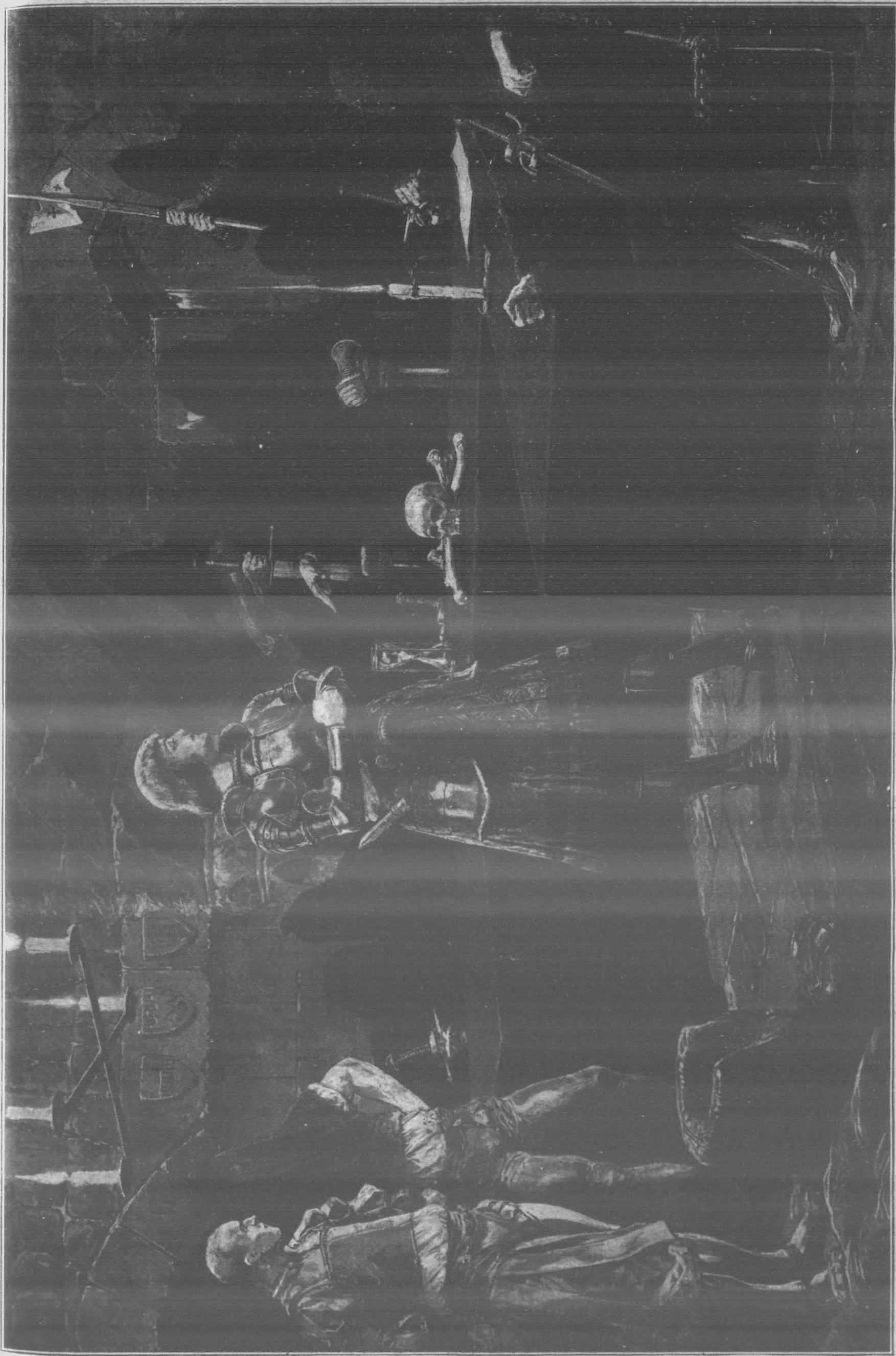
DISPLAY BY THE COBURG GYMNASIUM, in connection with the coming of age of the Duke of Albany.



LIONESS IN THE STREETS OF BLAIRGOWRIE: A lioness escaped last week from Chipperfield's Menagerie during a performance in the Well Meadow, Blairgowrie, Perthshire, where the annual fair is being held. The trainer and attendants tried to shoot the animal before it left the enclosure, and one attendant received a bullet in the ankle. The lioness was at large for nearly a quarter of an hour, running through the various side shows and into the streets. Terrified people took shelter in the shops, which were immediately closed, and at the door of one establishment the escaped brute received several volleys that killed it.



CRICKETER'S BROTHER MURDERED: Particulars have reached Melbourne of the murder of Mr. S. Trumble, brother of Mr. Hugh Trumble, the well-known Australian cricketer, by the natives of Epi, in the Pacific Islands. The murder arose out of a petty squabble, in the course of which one of the natives was killed. Soon after this squabble Trumble was butchered by the tribe to which the deceased native belonged, being mutilated in a most horrible manner. Mr. Trumble was a trader of ten years' experience, a most determined and brave man at moments of danger.



A MYSTERIOUS TERROR OF THE MIDDLE AGES: A SITTING OF THE VEHMGERICHT. THE FAMOUS SECRET TRIBUNAL OF WESTPHALIA.

The Vehmgericht, established for the purpose of maintaining peace and religion, became powerful in the twelfth century, and disappeared in the sixteenth. It is said to have been instituted by Charlemagne. Of its constitution nothing was known. The judges were veiled, like the modern brethren of the Misericordia in Florence, and the accused was summoned hurriedly and secretly before the Council. None knew who acted as executioner. The judgments were summary, and the condemned very often laid his head on a block wet with the blood of the previous victim. The name is taken from "Vehmen," an obscure word that may mean "secret," and "Gericht," a tribunal. A magnificent description of a sitting of the court is to be found in Scott's "Anne of Geierstein," Chap. x. In Act v. of Goethe's "Gotz von Berlichingen" there is a scene in the Vehmgericht.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

If I had to deal with a nervous child I should make it my endeavour to ascertain in what direction his nervousness in Children. fears lay. Having acquired this knowledge I should surround him with a mental atmosphere quite opposed to these fears. Did he dread horses I should arouse his admiration of story-book heroes who engaged in races. Without using the least persuasion, I should make him gradually accustom himself to the proximity of horses. Presently he would arrive at the stage when he would come to the horse's side. The sight of young friends mounting, riding, and dismounting without mishap would in time lead him to take a seat in the saddle, while the horse remained still. It would be very necessary to avoid deceiving the child, very necessary that when I had promised to lead the horse only a dozen yards I should keep my word.

There are two equally grave mistakes in dealing with nervous children—the one is to coddle with them, the other is to laugh at their fears. The one and only secret of success is to gradually familiarise the child with the condition that he dreads. He has conjured up a ghost; not all the ridicule you can bring to bear will "lay" the spectre. Threats and punishment will only bring a companion or two for the original tormentor. Pitying words will surely make the little one believe a little more firmly in the thing that terrifies. The way of release has been pointed out; the monster must be faced, approached, grasped—no, not grasped, for the evil thing discloses itself a delusion, the creation of a sickly brain.

That is a question which should interest every mother. What does Baby Weigh? for nothing tells so accurately how a baby is thriving as its increased weight from week to week.

At birth the average boy weighs seven and a half pounds, his height is twenty and a half inches, and his chest thirteen and a half inches. The average girl baby will be about the same size, but will weigh a pound less.

At a year old the child should weigh twenty and a half pounds; at two years old twenty-six and a half pounds; at three, thirty-one pounds; at four, thirty-five pounds; and at five forty-one pounds. The increase of weight is very great during the first three years of a child's life (for in those years it attains half its ultimate height), when it will grow more slowly.

A baby should, during its first six months of life, be weighed every week, and then for the next six months, if all be well, a fortnightly weighing will be quite enough.

The weighing when baby is a week old will show that it has lost from four to eight ounces; but after that it should gain steadily from four to eight ounces each week up till the age of six months.

Then will come that time of tribu-

lation caused by teething, but in spite of this the gain in weight should be from two to four ounces weekly. If this be not so there is something wrong, and probably it will either be with the diet, bathing, or with the ventilation of the nursery, or the outdoor "exercise" of the baby.

To Preserve Green Peas. To every quart of shelled green peas allow half a pint of salt. Mix well together, and leave in a dish all night. Next day fill bottles with the salt and peas, cork up, cover with wax and lay flat. When the peas are required for use they should be steeped overnight in cold water, and thoroughly washed before being cooked in the usual way in a large saucepan.

Heat in a china-lined sauce-pan one pint of red currant and raspberry juice, sweetened to taste. (This may be made from preserve if desired.) When boiling, drop into it one dozen peeled bananas, and simmer very gently for twenty minutes. Add a few drops of lemon juice. Remove the bananas, boil up the syrup, and when it is thick pour over the fruit. N.B.—To produce the syrup from preserve, boil it in water and strain through a cloth.



MISS MABEL LOVE, who is appearing at the London Coliseum as "The Wishing Girl."

Soak quarter of a pint of lentils for six hours, peel and slice two large onions and fry them in two ounces of butter or dripping until golden brown. Drain the lentils and pick out all imperfect seeds, add them to the onions and stir together for a few moments. Pour in three pints of stock or any meat boilings, cut a quarter of a pound of bread into pieces and add that also, and let all simmer together for three quarters of an hour. Crush the lentils, bread, and onions with a wooden spoon while stirring, and remove all scum; flavour with pepper and salt. Rub all through a

Soubise
Brown
Soup.

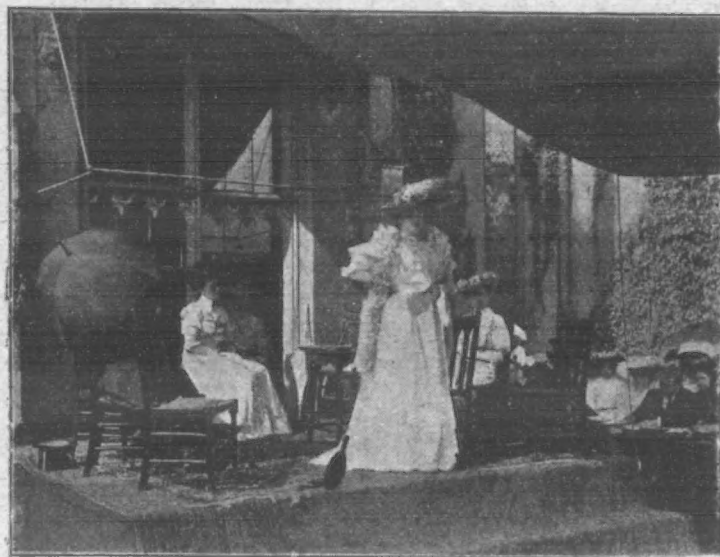
The remains of a piece of cold boiled beef make a savoury meal if served as "bubble and squeak" prepared as follows:—Slice the beef rather thin, and cut any fat belonging to it into delicate slices. Fry in a little butter 'till thoroughly hot through, drain and put on a hot dish, and keep hot while quickly frying some cold boiled cabbage. When done serve the cabbage in a mound on a hot dish with the beef on it. Season the cabbage with black pepper while it is cooking. Serve very hot. Some people like a slight flavouring of garlic added to these proportions.

INGREDIENTS: Leg of mutton, one pint vinegar, bunch of thyme, marjoram, and parsley, two dozen peppercorns, half an ounce of salt, three cloves of garlic, and three bay leaves.

First take off the entire skin from a leg of mutton and place it in a pickling pan with one pint of vinegar, a pint and a half of water, a bunch of thyme, marjoram, and parsley, half an ounce of salt, two dozen peppercorns, three small cloves of garlic, and three bay leaves. Cut four onions in half and rub the meat with them; lay the meat in the pickle for two days, take it out and rub with freshly-out onions as before. Return it to the pickle, rub and turn twice or thrice daily, by which time it should be well cured. Wipe the joint dry, hang 'till next day, when it should be covered with a flour-and-water paste, then greased paper, and roasted as venison. This is excellent served cold or hot, and will keep several days, even in very hot weather.

"But rest, alas! came not to me,
Because of that confounded flea."

The author of this dreary plaint had forgotten his KRATING'S POWDER—the unrivalled secret for killing Fleas, Bugs, Beetles, also Nits in Children's Heads. Harmless to everything but insects. Tins, 3d., 6d., 1s.



Photo, Whitlock, Birmingham.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK speaking at Studley Castle Agricultural College for Women.

Cut some filleted fish into nice dainty little pieces, lay them between the folds of a dry cloth.

Put four ounces of sifted flour in a basin with half a teaspoonful of salt, stir in one tablespoonful of salad oil, or dissolved butter, and beat into a gill of tepid water, till it is a smooth, thick batter. Just before frying add the very stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs, or three tablespoonfuls of clean snow. Dip the pieces of fish into the batter, lift them out with a fork and drop into a saucepan of fast boiling fat. Drain on paper by the fire and serve nicely garnished with fried parsley.

Take all the scraps of meat on a cold duck and cut into small cubes. Add an orange cut into small pieces, rejecting the peel, and an apple, also cut into dice.

Boil a few dried walnuts in a little good gravy for a few minutes, adding a bay-leaf and two allspice, two cloves, and two peppercorns. Drain the walnuts, and directly they are cold cut into small pieces and mix with the other ingredients. Squeeze over all the juice of half a lemon. Serve on lettuce leaves. Garnish with walnuts and sections of orange, after mixing the salad with a good cream dressing.

Poisonous compounds cannot be used to destroy flies without danger, but the following mixture is both efficacious and safe. Thoroughly mix together one teaspoonful of black pepper, two teaspoonfuls of moist sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Place a little of this in a saucer where flies abound. It is a good plan also to wash the inside of window-panes with a weak solution of carbolic acid, for this will prevent flies settling on them.

ENGLISH maçons are rather apt to find Saturday, with its preparations for Sunday, rather fatiguing, but their labours are nothing compared with those of their Dutch sisters.

The Saturday Scrub Up in Holland. In Holland house-cleaning, without and within, occupies all Saturday. Early in the morning the furniture is carefully wiped over, and is then carried out of the house. Then the women, with skirts tucked up, flood the rooms with buckets of water, carried by means of the shoulder yoke from the canal. With broom and brush the scrubbing of the red tiled floor is carried out, and finally a plug at one corner of the room is withdrawn, and the water drains off, presumably into the canal.

While the floor dries a great polishing takes place out in the street, where the white-capped women rub away at their quaint old brass lamps, tobacco boxes, milk cans, &c., till they are dazzlingly bright.

The lacquer-man is sure to be busy on Saturdays, going from house to house, painting the bread-trays and honey-cake boxes with gay designs of birds and flowers.

The outsides of the cottages are scrubbed from roof to the ground. Then the brick pavements are drenched, and dried, and, rather than recklessly soil them again, a woman will sometimes slip off her sabots and walk on tiptoe into her dwelling.

Towards evening the entire village repairs to the canal, where all the sabots are washed and rubbed with pumice-stone till spotlessly clean, when they are hung in rows on the low black fences to dry.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

A Good Craze.

Every year interest in gardens and gardening seems to increase, and of all modern crazes this is perhaps the most hopeful and the most attractive. —The Lady.

Problem of the Moment.

Recommending a holiday resort, like recommending one's cook, is generally a failure. One man's meat is another man's poison, and people's ideas of beauty and comfort and enjoyment are so different that it is far better to leave the responsibility of the choice to others. One never blames oneself half as much as other people when things turn out disappointing. —Madame.

The Eternal Problem.

One cannot avoid asking if household employment were made more attractive whether the course of young women might not even yet be diverted from the city to the home. In the circle of one's acquaintance it is impossible to help remarking that while there are many mistresses who are always changing servants, there are some who keep the same maids long years, losing them only when they marry, or for some reason quite apart from the conditions of service. The fact is that those ladies who fail to recognise that their maids are beings of like nature with themselves can never make mistresses whose servants are contented to stay with them. They appear to forget that their servants are women, with women's bodies and souls, who, from the very character of their work, are intimately associated with the life of the family they serve, and can neither be treated as persons of no account, nor as slaves, nor as "treasures" to be propitiated by spoiling, either extreme being equally hurtful to the subjects of such unreasonable behaviour. —Lady's Pictorial.

OUR TEACHERS.

[By Mrs. BERTHA FORTESCUE-HARRISON.]

UPON memory we build the romance of our youth.

When troubled and care-worn we seek solace; we think and speak of our childhood.

Sometimes we may build "castles in the air," but as we grow old "I remember" takes the place of "I wish."

Exploits of our early days; songs our mother used to sing. All are hallowed memories, and as we wander into regions of the past we dwell upon our school-life—our teachers.

How often we hear of men and women with defective memories; but ask these about their earliest teachers, and you will find them able to recall both their names and characteristics.

The teacher's influence, the teacher's habits, the teacher's methods, all affect the life, and are printed indelibly upon the minds of the oldest man and woman.

Guardians of our youth! Our best and truest friends, ranking only next to our parents in their unselfish, painstaking endeavour to fit us for our duties—what task more wearying, what task more conscientiously performed?

The early training of the baby is in the mother's hand; the teacher then takes up the threads, and thus the most sacred work of fitting man and woman for the struggle of life lies in the hands of mother and mentor.

Teachers are born, not made. Only those with a love for children, only those with patience and good temper and a high code of honour, are able to become successful in the true sense of the word.

Our morals, our religion, our methods, and our business abilities, all these are placed into the teacher's hands. They watch our play as well as our work; their interest never flags, for every pupil must be carefully watched and guarded, no matter how troublesome the task may prove.

Very seldom the teachers learn the fate of their past pupils; preparing them for examinations, working and toiling unceasingly with them, it is only now and again that they are informed of the progress made through life. If successful, the pupils' own merits have brought about the result; hardly ever is sufficient credit bestowed upon the teachers who were given the rough clay to mould.

Parents, preachers, and teachers, all ordained by God, have in their power the making or marring of mankind.



Photo, Rouch.

Pastoral Play ("As You Like It") given by Miss Madge McIntosh and her company in the grounds of Weston House, Thames Ditton, in aid of the local Cottage Hospital.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

The Kennington Theatre, which has just been redecorated, was re-opened last week by Mr. Robert Arthur with Dion Boucicault's ever-popular play "The Shaughraun," the part of Conn being taken by that well-known Irish comedian, Mr. E. C. Matthews.

There are a good many new turns being presented just now at the best halls, those at the Palace and the Hippodrome being the most notable.

At the former place there is a charming newcomer in the person of Mdlle. Patrice (from America), who made her debut in England at the Palace in a fairy idyll, entitled "The Man in the Moon." The sketch includes some particularly pretty lunar effects, and already Mdlle. Patrice has shown herself a very clever comedienne.

Colo and Johnson, two-coloured performers, provide another good new American turn at this hall in the form of melodious darkie ditties, written and composed by themselves.

The Hippodrome novelties are the Klein-Ott Brothers, who entertain the audience with their masterly playing upon a varied assortment of musical instruments; the popular Caledonian Boys; the "wiry" comedian, Harry Lamore; and Albertus and Bartram in a scene entitled "The Sandwich Man." Of course the great attractions at the Hippodrome are still the African pygmies and the elaborate historical production, "Rob Roy."

The Alhambra is showing exclusive moving pictures of the recent "entente cordiale" fête at Brest.

At the Tivoli there will, I understand, shortly appear Mr. Harry Paulton in a new skit called "The Meredith Marriage Muddle." Little Tich will also return soon to the Tivoli, where he has always been such a great favourite.

"I don't like children in acrobatic performances, especially girls," said Mr. Cluer at North London the other day, in refusing to grant a licence for a girl of thirteen to perform in an acrobatic act at the Holloway Empire. "It is most undesirable that children should be so employed," he added.

When "The Walls of Jericho" finishes its successful career at the Garrick Theatre Mr. Arthur Bourchier will produce "The Merchant of Venice," the costumes for which will be designed by Mr. Percy Anderson, and the music composed by Mr. Frederick Rosse. The finest scenic

artists of the day, Messrs. Hawes Craven, Hann, Hemsley, McKeary, and Harford have been busy preparing, from the designs of Mr. Alan Mackinnon, M.A., for what will be a most gorgeous revival. The cast is as follows:—

Shylock Mr. Arthur Bourchier.
Launcelot Gobbo Mr. Norman Forbes.
Old Gobbo Mr. O. B. Clarence.
Antonio Mr. Jerrard Robertshaw.
Bassanio Mr. Julian L'Estrange.
Gratiano Mr. Harcourt Williams.
Lorenzo Mr. Walter Pearce.
Tubal Mr. C. V. France.
Duke of Venice Mr. Arthur Whitby.
Prince of Morocco Mr. Lawson Butt.
Salanio Mr. Wilfred Forster.
Salarino Mr. George Trollope.
Salerio Mr. David Domville.
Nerissa Miss Muriel Beaumont.
Jessica Miss Elfrida Clement.
Postia Miss Violet Vanbrugh.

The stage crowds, costumes, and every accessory will be of the greatest beauty, but will not be allowed to interfere with the conduct of the action of the play.

The fears, expressed by Mr. George Edwardes as to the dangers of an American invasion of the theatres, and his strictures on the endeavours of the trusts to establish success by purchase, are not shared by Mr. Paul Rubens, the author of the lyrics, music, and libretto of the new piece at the Waldorf, in which Mr. G. P. Huntley is to appear, says the *Daily Express*.

"I do not agree with the suggestion of unfair competition," said Mr. Rubens. "Theatres are like other concerns, a matter of business, not of sentiment. If a piece is good the public will go to see it, even if it is the property of a criminal."

"The tenor of Mr. Edwardes' remarks would seem to imply that, instead of competing with American pieces on their own merits, English managers should combine against them out of prejudice."

"As to the question of the theatrical trusts deceiving other managers' artists, and of success by purchase, I do not intend to persuade any of Mr. Edwardes' artists to leave him, but, if I am approached by them in the first place, it is an absolutely fair piece of business."

"As to the salary question, not only actors, but authors and composers should make the highest in comes they can when at the height of their popularity. They have to work hard, and inspiration is a fickle thing and cannot be depended upon. The author and composer's vogue is of necessity temporary, and, after a period, he is displaced by some new favourite."

Mr. Rubens, it may be added, is on the best of terms with Mr. Edwardes, and hopes always to be so, and is grateful to him for many past kindnesses.

It was a most interesting Ojibway Indian lecture and song recital which was given at Earl's Court last week by Mr. F. R. Burton in the Indian village there. With their squaws and papooses, the braves were present in full force, and delighted the audience with their singing. These Indians were brought to England by Mr. Burton, who explained that for several years he had been engaged among the Indians of North America studying their music and reducing their songs to musical notation. This tribe possess no written language of their own, and all their songs have been handed down orally from generation to generation. Mr. Burton gave a literal translation of "The Cradle Song" which the Ojibway mothers sing to their babies, and which almost invariably has the desired lullaby effect:—

Close your bright eyes, my baby dear,
The spider with his web is here,
He'll spin it 'cross your eyes, baby dear.

Ayah, ayah, go sleep, my baby, go sleep;
The spider with his web is here, baby dear,
Ayah, ayah, ayah, ayah!

The favourite love-song, "The Bark Canoe," was also given. The first verse is translated thus:—

In the still night the long hours thro'
I guide my bark canoe
My bark canoe, my love, to you!

A few weeks ago Mr. T. Barrasford, the well-known music-hall manager, was leaving his office in Leicester Square when he was attracted by two youths with a barrel-organ. One was turning the handle while the other executed a most intricate step-dance to the music. After watching them for a little while Mr. Barrasford concluded that he had struck a "find," and, going up to the youths, offered them a year's engagement there and then, as both were on the verge of starvation at the time. Now they are appearing at the Foresters' Vaudeville Theatre, Cambridge Road, E., and are earning salaries which, to them, constitute wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. Their "turn" is a novel one. Dressed in the same shabby garments which they wore when discovered, they come upon the stage with the barrel-organ, and, while one grinds, the other dances. All kinds of steps are included in his repertoire, and he is never still for a second the whole time he is on the stage. Barras (his stage name) is twenty years of age, and his friend (whose stage name is Ford) is twenty-six. They have been partners in adversity for the past fifteen months, and Barras declares that organ-grinding seldom brought them in more than 10s. or 12s. a week. "It will be seen that the stage names of the friends combine to make up the name of the manager who discovered them."

The theatrical season which has just closed has been one of the worst on record. Both in London and the provinces the story is the same.

It has been said that where the pit goes the stalls eventually follow. But, however that may be, the converse can hardly be true, judging by the season just concluded.

Even the few rare financial successes in the West-end of London have been successes of the stalls and dress-circle. The gallery, pit, and upper-circle public have consistently stayed away. A beggarly array of empty benches has met the eye in all parts of the house generally occupied by the shilling, half-crown, and three and four shilling public.

The three solid commercial successes have been "Leah Kleschna," at the New Theatre; "Mr. Hopkinson," at Wyndham's; and "The Walls of Jericho," at the Garrick. Even these have relied to a curious extent upon the stalls and dress-circle.

The managers ascribe this result almost entirely to the exceptionally fine hot weather, which has kept the people out of the theatre and sent them to Earl's Court, up the river, and to the out-door pleasure-places generally. On Friday, Saturday, and Monday evenings, even the higher-priced seats have been scantily filled.



Photo, Lallie Charles.
A CHARMING PHOTO OF MISS AMY WEBSTER, now playing in "Lady Madcap" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London.

On the other hand, this has been an exceptionally good year for music, and Covent Garden has had one of the best seasons on record. It has been marked by a high standard of general excellence, splendid Wagnerian performances under Dr. Richter, and the unqualified success of Puccini's new opera, "Madame Butterfly." Under Mr. Henry Russell, the season of opera at the Waldorf has been a great success artistically, but it has suffered somewhat from the fact that Londoners are not yet sufficiently interested in opera to support two seasons at a time. Despite the number of recitals in the height of the season, from a financial point of view, the concerts can hardly be termed a success. Prodiges have had it all their own way, the hero of the season having

been the wonderful Russian boy-violinist, Mischa Elman.

An experiment of a most interesting character is to be made at the Coliseum. This is no less than the production of some religious subject, some thoroughly well-known Bible story, which will be presented in a series of living tableaux. No word will be spoken. But accompanying the action will be the music in the orchestra by Mr. Walter Slaughter, and the story will be sung by the Coliseum choir at the sides. In other words, we are to have "an acted oratorio." The "play" will be by the well-known dramatist, and the "production" will be in the hands of Mr. Marshall Moore.

THE PROMPTER.

Replies in Brief.

Owing to pressure on our space this week, the replies in brief will be found below instead of the usual place. On page 78 will be found an interesting article, illustrated with photographs, on "Holiday History," and the usual editorial feature, "The Editor to His Friends."

A. H. (Hammersmith).—If you sleep with a tight-shut window, of course, you have a headache in the morning! Knock off sweet cakes and "goodies," live as far as possible in the open air, and walk at least four miles a day, and then see, after a few weeks, if you don't feel and look a great deal stronger than you do at present. No one can reasonably expect to be well who is so sparing of the use of fresh air and exercise.

"ASYLUM ATTENDANT."—The American lunacy figures are infinitely more startling than our own. In his statistical report for the year the superintendent of the Chicago Insane Asylum states that Chicago contains one insane person to every 150. The percentage has quadrupled in fifty years, and is increasing at the fastest rate in the world.

N. B.—I do not know that anything can be done to your plants, for, without seeing them, it is difficult to advise. Cut off the discoloured leaf whenever you notice it.

YORKSHIRE.—A perfectly safe investment would bring in an income of 3 or 4 per cent. at the most. It would only be necessary to make a will in each other's favour to enable the survivor to receive the same income. Do not invest in any speculative concern.

M. M. (St. Mary Cray).—Make some very strong, clear coffee, without the addition of any chicory; add to it enough boiling milk to make a nice flavoured beverage, then put the jug in a pail of ice till really cold. Serve in small cups with a spoonful of whipped cream in each, and sugar as desired.

DUBLIN READER.—The "harmless, necessary cat" is generally the best guard against mice, but in houses where puss is not tolerated, resort may be had to cayenne pepper. Stop up a mouse hole with a bag covered with cayenne pepper, and the mice will generally migrate to other quarters.

A. M. H. (Cheltenham).—No, your friend was quite right. A spider's web affords an excellent barometer. An old sportsman claims that one preserved in his house has proved almost invariably correct. When rain and wind are expected, the spider shortens the thread which suspends the web. When reefs are let out, fine weather may be certain; but if the spider remains inert, rain will probably follow within a short time.

SKINER.—The thirty-three Russian Grand Dukes own 350 castles and palaces in Russia and abroad, and support an army of about 20,000 servants. Quite one-fourth of the best land in European Russia belongs to them. In the Ural Mountains, Siberia, and the Pacific coast they have obtained immense concessions, rendering most of them wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice.

H. K. (Battersea).—It is hard to say how many of the pygmies are in existence, but of the pygmies of Central Africa that are known by white men to exist it may be said that they number perhaps 10,000, scattered over a territory as large as the United States. The question of how many more there may be who are unknown is a matter of conjecture, but probably there are ten times as many. Most of the pygmies live entirely by hunting and raise no crops at all. They exchange their meat for the sugarcane foods raised by the larger people, and they also live on roots and herbs in the forest. They kill and eat the antelope, buffalo, elephant, python, ant-eater, leopard, wild cat, lynx, wild boar, hippopotamus, besides rats, locusts, grasshoppers, ants, wood worms, and caterpillars, which they dry in the sun. Their principal weapon is the bow with a bamboo arrow, tipped with a very fatal poison. Besides this, they have metal weapons, spears, knives, and metal-tipped arrows, which they obtain by barter from the other natives.

R. C. (Brighton).—Almost all the questions arising out of the desire of photographers to supply their work for publication are answered in *Photography for the Press*, price 1s., post free, 1s. 2d. (London: Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd.). This book lays down as a first principle for the would-be contributor, "Sandy your editor, through his journal," and this applies to contributors of literary matter, as well as pictures. The main aim of the book is to decrease the submitting of unsuitable matter, which results in declination "with thanks"; painful to editor as well as to contributor. How "suitability" is modified by the time of submission, the conditions of the journals, and many other factors beside actual quality of the material, is fully explained, and the book should save trouble both to editors and to their correspondents by increasing the proportion of acceptable contributions.



Photo, Lallie Charles.

MISS MARJORIE DAY, who will probably be in the cast of "The Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane this autumn.

A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

From Westminster Pier Grenville and Brereton walked rapidly towards a Government office in which General Denny, commanding that particular district, was busy with his work. He was a young officer for a General, and, as Brereton had said, unknown to fame a week ago. Now, when he had got his chance, he had distinguished himself by the extraordinary dash and brilliance of his operations. He had a natural gift for seeing an opportunity and taking it; and he had great personal courage mingled with his presence. "I see—I strike" might have been given as his motto.

"Ah! You are back," said General Denny, rising on seeing Brereton. "And you have brought the officer commanding the flotilla with you?"

"Yes, sir," said Brereton.

Grenville looked keenly at this military man who possessed the rare qualification of being able to use the right word when speaking of the Royal Navy. General Denny looked at him, too, and reckoned up his man on the spot. The mutual survey was eminently satisfactory.

"Now, tell me," said the General, addressing Grenville, "in just as few words as possible, what you have done and how you got here?"

"I was ordered to destroy the mines in the river and get to London, if I could," answered Grenville. "I swept and crept and came on as hard as I could lick, sir. And I got here safe and sound. That is all."

"A vast deal in little!" exclaimed the General. "Let me congratulate you on one of the biggest performances of the war compressed into a report of model brevity!" He shook Grenville warmly by the hand.

"And having got here—what then?" he added.

"Not absolutely definite, sir. Something was left to my own initiative and judgment. But one thing is imperative—to let the Admiral know that I have succeeded."

"That we can manage from here," the General assured him. "I'm glad to say that we have re-established telegraphic communication with the coast and they can signal to the Channel Fleet from the land. That will, I hope, do."

"I think, sir," replied Grenville with respectful firmness, "that it would scarcely satisfy the Admiral. He would have no guarantee that it was not a trick of the enemy to lure him into the river and on to the mines."

"I quite see your point," admitted

the General readily. "Then what do you suggest?"

"That I should go myself and make my report, sir," Grenville said.

"I should like you to remain here, if you could," said the General, "because I have some desperate work in hand, and I want some sure men to carry it out."

"I feel obliged by your confidence, sir," answered Grenville; "but I am a waterman, not a landsman. I should not be much use ashore."

"I should wish for your help afloat," the General told him. "Briefly—I mean to re-take the Bank. It is held in force by the enemy, who is also the master of the East-End of London for the present. Now if I could drive him towards the river, down by London Bridge, on to the Tower Wharf and on to the Embankment again and could get him between two cross fires, he would be trapped."

"Certainly," observed Grenville. "He would be unable to escape and would be forced to surrender."

"I am not taking surrenders," the General intimated, and his voice was so cold and hard, so merciless, so relentless, that Grenville glanced in astonishment.

"I preach and practise," added the General, "the gospel of—annihilation."

"Very good, sir," said Grenville. "If I may run out to the fleet and suggest to the Admiral that I should come back with the flotilla, or that bigger ships should come up as far as the Tower or London Bridge, I will do it."

"I wanted to go ahead with my scheme 'at once,'" continued the General. "But I would rather wait a few hours and be surer of it. I suppose you could run out and back in quite a few hours—say eight or ten? You see, you are independent of the tide, you can go full bore, and you can do, say, twenty-five miles—I don't mean knots—an hour? Assuming that your fleet is even a hundred miles away, that is only two hundred, an eight-hours' business, roughly, allowing for a few minutes to report and hear what the Admiral says. Am I right?"

"Quite, sir," answered Grenville, with an almost puzzled look.

"You see," added the General, with a pleasant smile, "I am one of those bold young persons who have thought it well to try and learn something about the Sister Service, and have not thought my soldiering duty done when I have got my commission or my company or even my battalion. Rather

priggish talk, perhaps; but I am no believer in self-depreciation. Very well. Please go back to your Commander-in-Chief and say that if he can spare a squadron of light ships, say small cruisers, to come up and co-operate with me, we can, in combination, strike a crushing blow and regain absolute command of the river. I would suggest a bombardment of the shores as the squadron advances, for at present, wherever there is an armed force it is either aliens or Germans. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," Grenville told him. "Then I will not do anything until I am assured of support from the river," said the General. "Unless, of course, I have reason to believe that any squadron or flotilla has failed to reach me."

"Very good, sir," said Grenville. "There is another important point. I brought a North Sea skipper and his trawler up the river. He acted partly as pilot and partly as buffer, because he led the way and would have been the first to get destroyed if a mine had been struck."

"It was a far-seeing performance," commented the General. "I should like to see the man."

"I will send him on, sir. That I meant to do in any case, because he has something which is worth more than any gold just now."

"What can that be?" asked the General.

"Food, sir!" said Grenville.

"Food of any sort is most urgently needed," said the General. "London is becoming famine-stricken. The possibilities of food shortage are too horrible for contemplation. Let this man come up and at once."

"I want him to be as generously treated as possible, if I might say so, sir," continued Grenville. "Because he really has acted most nobly. Of course, I kept on the right side at the beginning of things by commandeering his cargo; but he never demurred; and when you remember what money means to a man like that you can understand his sacrifice. But I have something else at the back of my mind, if I may mention it to you."

"Go ahead—if it's germane," the General suddenly laughed aloud. "What am I doing?" he said, "to use a word like that at this of all times? I don't think I ever uttered it before. I withdraw it and substitute relevant."

"Well, sir," continued Grenville, "this skipper has about three thousand boxes of fish on board, each box averaging about a hundredweight. That gives, roughly, 150 tons altogether of a really first-rate food."

"I welcome him with genuine pleasure!" declared the General. "He shall have pretty nearly his own price. The stuff must be got ashore instantly."

"Very good, sir, I will tell him. I daresay there are troops who can give a hand."

"Most certainly!" said the General.



THE "HANDY MAN" OF H.M.S. "BUZZARD."

"They shall do a record unloading. I'll have an endless human band arrangement, and a strong covering body, so that the enemy, who is just about as near famishing as we are, shall not make an unholy dash for the boxes."

"Well, sir, when he has discharged I suggest that he should get back to sea as swiftly as possible and shoot his trawl, and that as many steamboats as he can communicate with shall do the same, and that they should keep up a constant supply to the London market."

"Upon my soul!" declared the General. "The idea is worthy of a genius! It is excellent and will go far to get us out of the gloomy mess into which we have been plunged! Why not go a step further—let a squadron be detached from one of our fleets for the sole purpose of patrolling the food way, so to speak, between London and the fishing-grounds? Let the fishermen fish for very life, and let the squadron drive away the enemy at any cost, so that we alone shall have this harvest of the sea! I shall depend on you to put that idea before your admiral."

"I will do so, sir," Grenville promised.

"Thank you. Now let me have your man sent up. Good-bye! and the very best of the luck which you deserve be with you!"

General Denny dismissed Grenville with another hearty handshake, and the young naval officer, full of zeal and enthusiasm, burning with a wish to earn still further the good opinion of a superior whose energy and power had so strangely attracted him, hurried back to Westminster Pier, and told the skipper of the *Eagle* to present himself at once before the General.

The skipper did so. Within five minutes, somewhat bewildered by the swiftness of it all, he had received a guarantee of payment for his entire cargo at a rate which gave him a handsome and unlooked-for profit, and possessed definite and imperative instructions to organise a regular service of fish-carriers between the Dogger Bank and London.

"Talk about Admirals o' the Fleet!" he told himself. "Why, there never was a' admiral on t' Dogger 'at could hold a candle to Joe Jaggars—an' that's me!"

The cargo of the *Eagle* was discharged with a celerity and order which had never been equalled either at Billingsgate or elsewhere. The fish-hatch was removed and every member of the crew strove desperately to empty the fish-room of its wealth. The heavy trunks were thrown on deck and seized instantly and passed from hand to hand by soldiers, who were relieved at short intervals. And the trunks were seized again as soon as they touched the land and whisked off into the heart of London, towards Westminster, and all the time a force of troops was in readiness with bullet and bayonet to defend with their very lives the precious food on which those lives depended.

In the first place the fish was distributed amongst the soldiers. It vanished with amazing quickness. But pressing upon the troops, like wolves

attracted by the prospect of a meal or birds assembling for a feast, were multitudes of starving men and women, with children clutching at their coats and skirts. Men there were who, gaunt with hunger themselves, gave away their fish rations and tried to joke when they said that to take in a bit more of the belt would be as satisfying as food.

And the rations, fresh from the slimy fish-room of the *Eagle*, were ravaged by the wild-eyed crowd almost as soon as the bony hands had greedily closed upon them.

Skipper Jaggars saw it all, and his heart was heavy with the pity of it. "I suppose it's all right to take money for the stuff," he said in a low, awed voice. "But, on my soul, I don't know—it's too much like blood money!"

"Come," said Steel, who heard him. "you needn't worry, skipper. You can take the money right enough. It's the Government that's standing in this treat; and if the Government got its money's-worth as well out of every other part of this war it wouldn't have any cause to shout, I can tell you. Buck up, an' get aboard the *Eagle*, for that lieutenant is jolly well tired o' drummin' his heels. He wants to be off an' get back to 'is admiral."

The triumphant flotilla went down the Thames quickly, but not so fast as the General would have desired it to go, for its speed was regulated by that of the slowest of its ships, which was the *Eagle*, and the *Eagle* was a craft designed to do ten knots an hour and no more.

Lieutenant Grenville chafed at the delay, but it was inevitable, if he wished to carry out the General's wish. He could not, dare not, leave or even lose sight of the *Eagle*, the little ship which had brought such wonderful and unexpected luck to the people of Great Britain, and whose performances were likely to have such a far-reaching effect on the struggle now being waged for maritime and commercial supremacy—the struggle which was to decide the destinies of two great nations.

"Harvest of the sea!" exclaimed Grenville to Carson. "I've often heard the phrase, and a lot of glib talk about it, but I never had its vital meaning so clearly brought home to me as now, with the vision of all those poor famished people—and the little ones—before me! God help us—but war, and war with an enemy in our midst, is a terrible, an indescribable thing!"

"It is," agreed Carson; "but it's amazing how we poor human beings can get used to things! Do you know—sacredly between ourselves—when I first heard the news that we should have to fight, and to the death, too, I was in a mortal funk. I couldn't get my mind to dwell on anything except the worst side of war. I pictured battleships turning turtle, with all their people soldered up

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years, wrinkles increase. Stop this with LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER, which darkens the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large bottles every-where.—[ADVT.]



A "P. I. P." special artist writes: "There was a touching incident when the King presented his prize of £250 and the gold medal to Sergeant Comber at Bisley last week. A little old woman was sitting unnoticed in a corner of the tent. She was Comber's mother, who, although seventy-six years old, had come to see her son's triumph. Comber saluted the King, walked straight from the crimson platform to the little old woman, and kissed her. The people cheered; tears of pride ran down the mother's cheeks, and Comber had a hard task to master his own emotion." Sergeant Comber informed the "Express" representative that he is a stonemason by trade. He was born, and still lives, in Wimbledon. He went to South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry, and won the silver medal in the "King's" a month after his return in 1901. His elder brother won the bronze medal some years ago, and another brother was shooting in the "King's" last week. Comber is a life abstainer and practically a non-smoker, and to this he largely attributes his success. His wife was unable to come to the camp owing to illness.

inside; the big guns being snapped off like carrots and the magazines exploding and scattering everybody and everything; and I fancied our own torpedoes being knocked on the snout, so to speak, before ever we'd fired 'em, and doing business for us in a way that would stop all promotion. And I had visions of all the hundred and one terrific things that might happen, and have happened. A bit more of it and I should have gone clean crazy or run amuck. Yet now I've settled down to it as part of the day's work, and get through it like your illustrious namesake when he waited for the Spaniards to finish him—which he did, you may remember, with a joyful and quiet mind. Why, I go down this dear old river without so much as a tremor, although, as you know, we're good even yet to bump up against some ill-conditioned mine that we missed or that the enemy may have planted since we passed up on our triumphant way."

Grenville laughed. "You're quite a voluble young person when you let yourself go," he declared. "And as for your imagination—it's positively lurid! But you ought to scotch it a bit. Now your fears of being skied, for instance, on our way back are groundless, I'm sure. I fancy Mr. Foreigner has used up all his mines and that he hasn't got any gun-cotton left—and I can't help thinking from the look of some of the riverside places where he was squatting in more or less fancied serene security have been evacuated. You see, it's one thing getting into England, but it's another thing keeping here. You want guns and ammunition—particularly ammunition; and it looks as if the raiders' supply had given out."

They discoursed more or less lightly until Gravesend was passed, then, they got into the widening stream and more and more out of the reach of any shore batteries or lesser means of mischief, their spirits reached a high point of exhilaration.

"Only a little while ago," said Grenville, "I thought it terribly hard that I should be so near my wife and yet so far. I would have given all I possessed or am likely to have just to look in for two or three seconds; but I know now that it was better to come away."

"The meeting will be the sweeter when it comes," said Carson. "That's the comfort I give myself to when I think about my own case. But I say, let's steer wide of sentiment and keep to business. What's the programme now?"

"Well," answered Grenville, "we must put the *Eagle* safely on her course for the Dogger and then fetch up with the fleet."

"Why not escort the beauty to the flagship and see what the Admiral would like to do?" suggested Carson. "But we're going to be spared trouble, I think. There's the smoke of ships, I suppose they're friends?" He pointed straight ahead, not without anxiety; and Grenville, like the rest, saw growing clouds on the horizon.

"Yes, they must be friends—our own fleet," said Grenville, but with just that note in his voice which showed that he was doubtful.

"Suppose it's—well, the other sort?" asked Carson.

"Then we shall have to take the *Eagle's* people on board and cut and run for it," said Grenville.

They held on their course, more cautiously now, and were unfeignedly glad when, on nearing the strange ships, they discovered them to be British—a strong squadron of battleships and cruisers which was seeking to join the Channel Fleet, and which, directed by Grenville, did join it.

There were more hurried councils and serious considerations, then the squadron which had come up was detailed for the purpose of escorting trawlers at work on the Dogger and maintaining open communication between the fishing-grounds and London.

This curious and unlooked-for development was to prove a very real help to the people of Great Britain, cut off, as they were, from all the regular supplies of sea-borne food.

"Now that we have regained the command of the river and the entrance we must maintain it at all costs," said the Admiral. "But, first and foremost, there is this question of sending up a co-operative squadron. You feel sure of the reliability of what you have told me of the river and the banks?" he went on, addressing Grenville.

"I think there can be no doubt whatever, sir," Grenville told him. "Very good, then," the Admiral concluded. "I shall send up these ships."

He wrote a list of third-class cruisers.

"They will be commanded by a rear-admiral," he intimated.

There was a kindly gleam in his eyes as he addressed Grenville.

"The rear-admiral will need a pilot," he added, "and I know of no one who is more competent and whose knowledge is fresher than yourself."

"You are very good, sir," murmured Grenville.

"So you will vacate the *Kennet*."

"Yes, sir," said Grenville.

"Which will be taken over by Carson, who appears to be an enterprising and resourceful young person," went on the Admiral.

"He will be proud, indeed, I am

sure, sir—and no destroyer will have a better skipper," Grenville told him.

"In these swift times a Commander-in-Chief has very extraordinary powers invested in him," said the Admiral finally; "and I am going to exercise part of mine by giving you, for the time being, at any rate, the post of second in command of this Special Service Cruiser Squadron."

The admiral took the young officer's hand and shook it.

"Captain Grenville," he said, "I congratulate you."

"I am indeed fortunate—or rather lucky, sir," said Grenville, in a low voice.

"There is no luck," replied the Admiral, almost sternly. "One thing only counts in times of peril such as these, and that is sheer ability."

With this Captain Richard Grenville went on board the flagship of the cruiser squadron, and with a somewhat diffident manner—for he recognised that his own promotion, however welcome, meant the passing over of many seniors, he reported himself to his superior officer, the rear-admiral commanding the cruiser squadron.

(To be continued.)

VERSE COMPETITION.

Ten Prizes of One Sovereign each.

Nearly everyone has tried a hand at verse-making at some time or other, and if you have not, here is a capital opportunity, with half the work already done for you, and the possibility of earning a sovereign to stimulate your efforts.

Write a verse of four lines, each line to end with the following words in the order given:—

hard
luck
card
tuck

All attempts in the competition must be written on Raphael Tuck & Sons' picture postcards only—attempts sent in on other cards will be disqualified—and each attempt must be sent on a separate card. A sovereign will be given to each of the senders of what the Editor considers to be the ten best verses—the Editor's decision to be accepted as final.

The verse should be written on the address side in the space reserved for correspondence, so that the beautiful pictures on Tuck's postcards may give pleasure to children and patients in hospitals, to whom the competing cards will be sent at the close of the competition.

All attempts to be addressed to the Postcard Editor, "PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must arrive not later than Thursday, 10th August.



From a snapshot.

"STEPPING-STONES."

OFFICER IN THE DOCK.

Major Henry Hartland Higginson a retired Army officer, pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey to embezzling the funds of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, of which he was secretary, at a salary of £100 a year. The amount of the defalcations—£90—had been repaid to the society by a relative.

Mr. George Elliott pleaded for leniency on the ground of Higginson's distinguished Army career. He had served in the 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, the North Staffordshire Regiment, and the Army Service Corps, and after taking part in the Sudan and South African campaigns and, having twenty-nine years' service to his credit, had retired with a pension of £200 a year. The Khedive had

decorated him with the Bronze Star. His wife had money, but the expense of educating their only son for the Army had proved a great draw on their resources, and Higginson had been led to take the money in the hope of being able to repay it. An ancestor of his was a colonel in the Army of William of Orange at the Battle of Boyne, and he had inherited property from him in entail, but as the estate was in "the distressful country" it had proved of little financial value.

The Recorder said that having regard to Higginson's services in the Army, and considering that the society had been repaid the money, he should be justified in passing the nominal sentence of two days' imprisonment, which meant that Major Higginson would be discharged at once.

Great Finger-Print Competition.

First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

The value and uses of finger-prints having come into such prominence during the past few months, we have decided to give readers an opportunity for testing their skill in recognising and detecting the similarity between the lines in a number of finger-prints when many of these finger-prints are placed before them.

Below, therefore, you will find the sixth set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the minute lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger imprint is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. When you think you can couple up two or more of them, cut them out and pin them together, and keep them safely till we tell you what to do with them.

In all some 72 impressions will appear;

your task is to couple up as many of these impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in coupling up correctly the largest number of impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the couples will not always appear together in the same week's set of impressions; that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

A further set of finger-prints will appear in next week's issue.

The published decision is final and conclusive. Competitors must enter only on that understanding.



Name
Address

"P.I.P." August 5, 1905.



"JUST TIME FOR A GLASS OF QUIK," THE NEW LEMONADE.

No Labour, No Fire, No Sweetening—nothing but cold water required.
Made in an instant anywhere, at any time, in any quantity. Invaluable everywhere. MADE FROM LEMONS ONLY, with the necessary sweetening properties added.
"Quik" Lemonade is a delicious cooling draught, superior in every respect to "Home-made" Lemonade as usually made. Add a teaspoonful to a tumbler of water, and you have

THE IDEAL SUMMER BEVERAGE.

Everyone should try this New Lemonade, of especially fine flavour.

Read the following independent testimony:—

W. C. NORTHCOTT, Grocer, of Plymouth, writes:
"I have sampled 'Quik' Lemonade. It is free from hardness and acidity, is very pleasant to the taste, and vastly superior to the ordinary home-made kind of Lemonade. The result is that I have strongly recommended it to my customers, who have readily ordered it. I shall be glad if you will send me as soon as possible another lot."

Ask your Grocer for 5d. bottle of "Quik" Lemonade, or send 5d. in stamps for a bottle to

FOSTER, CLARK, & CO., 120 Hart St., Maidstone.

"QUIK" LEMONADE

HOLIDAY HISTORY.

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT FAVOURITE RESORTS.

Southend's Sands.

The stretch of sand is somewhat limited, but where nature fails the Corporation steps in, and every spring tons of sand and beach are imported from adjacent sandbanks and deposited on the shore.

Lowestoft's Racing Yawls.

The beachmen's sheds, studded with figure-heads and other relics of ill-starred vessels, are a source of interest to many. The yawls belonging to these beachmen are marvels of elegance of form and sea-worthiness, and are used for salvage purposes. They can compete in speed with the swiftest yacht.

Happy Harwich.

Good Queen Bess accepted an invitation to Harwich in 1561, and so pleased was she with her reception that she remained several days in a house in the middle of High Street (now Church Street) now bearing the date 1571. When on her departure she put the usual question as to the needs of the borough, and received the very unusual reply of "Nothing, but to wish their Majesty a good journey." Her Majesty, much astonished, exclaimed, "Happy Harwich."

Pendennis Castle, Falmouth.

In 1645 the castle underwent a siege extending over five months, and, with one exception, was the last fortress to hold out against the Parliament. Eventually its fall was brought about by want of food and water. The castle proved a refuge to Queen Henrietta Maria and the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., who made France their place of escape.

Falmouth's Fairy Flowers.

At Falmouth bananas, citrons, and oranges have long been cultivated in the open, passing through average winters without the least injury. Tree-ferns grow almost as luxuriantly without protection as they do at the Antipodes, and abutilons, rhododendrons, acacias, genistas, and pitto-sporums may be seen in flower any time after Christmas. Oleanders, daturas, lapagerias, hedychioms, and sarracenias have also been established in the district, and give every satisfaction. At Penjerrick the camphor-laurel has produced both flower and fruit. Rosehill can show abutilons twenty feet high, tobacco plants fourteen feet, and daturas with a diameter of fifteen feet. Then, going a mile or two farther inland to Enys, may be seen such triumphs of outdoor operations as the Chatham Island forget-me-not (*Myosotidium nobile*), begonias, olearias, erythrinas, and cianthus. *Melanthus major*, at one time sacredly cared for under glass, and still unwilling to conform to any other treatment elsewhere throughout the country, not only grows, but actually luxuriates, in many places in this district.

Harwich's First Lighthouse.

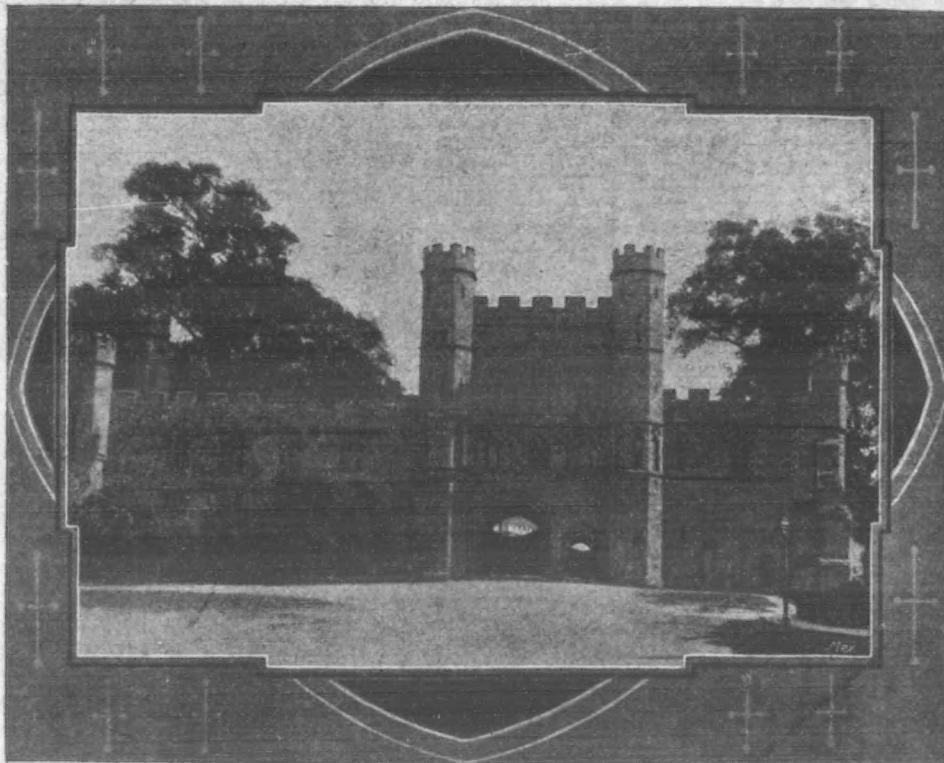
In olden days a large coal fire with many candles was kept blazing all night in a glass-fronted room over the principal entrance to the town. The "High" light-house, which was rebuilt in 1818, stands in the centre of the town, and is now used as a dwelling-house. The "Low" light-house, near the sea, has been transformed into a shelter by the Corporation. In-coming vessels now depend on the modern light-houses at Doyercourt.

The Cinque Ports.

Hastings and Dover dispute for first place amongst the Cinque Ports. The Hastings authorities believe that they have the best of the argument, and consider theirs to be the premier port. The other ports are Dover, Sandwich, Hythe, and Romney, with Winchelsea and Rye added as "ancient towns." Each port has other places attached to it as "limbs." The principal members of Hastings are Seaford, Pevensey, Bulverhithe, Beaksbourne, and Grange. Various privileges were granted to these ports by Charters, from the Confessor to the time of Elizabeth, and they had in return to give naval service for the nation.

David Copperfield and Blundeston.

Blundeston is only four miles from Lowestoft, and those who love Dickens (and who does not?) should pay a visit to the "Rookery," from the window in the gable end of which Peggotty watched the church porch and little David Copperfield so affectionately; the road—along which Barkis, who was so "willin'," drove to Yarmouth—passes close by. Our readers no doubt remember the following quotation from "David Copperfield" with regard to Blundeston Church: "There is nothing half so green that I know anywhere as the grass of that churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it; and I see the red light shining on the sun-dial, and think within myself, 'Is the sun-dial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time again?'" Also the descriptive account of the naming of "The Rookery": "Why Rookery?" said Miss Betsy. "The rooks—what has become of them?" "There have not been any since we have lived here," said my mother. "We thought—Mr. Copperfield—it was quite a large rookery; but the nests were very old ones, and the birds have deserted them a long while." "David Copperfield all over!" cried Miss Betsy. "David Copperfield from head to foot! Calls a house a rookery when there's not a rook near it, and takes the birds on trust, because he sees the nests."



BATTLE ABBEY, HASTINGS.

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Hastings under the Sea.

There are many indications that an older Hastings existed in the Priory Valley, in which many ruins of religious houses have been found. The present parish of St. Michael's is very small, and it is pretty certain that the original Hastings, the missing St. Michael's, lies beneath the sea beyond the head of the White Rock Pier, where it is known a large forest lies submerged. Old Winchelsea was "drowned," and a new one built on the hill in the rear, in the reign of Edward I., and it is conjectured that an older Hastings was likewise buried, at an earlier date, driving its inhabitants for safety to the eastern valley between the protecting hills. No vestige remains of the exact site of either old Winchelsea or the older Hastings.

Lowestoft's only Cannon.

At the top of Rant Score history has it that loyal Lowestoftians placed their only cannon, and sought to stay the triumphant progress of Oliver Cromwell and his victorious Ironsides. Old Lowestoft is rich in Cromwellian history, and in those troublous days espoused the Royalist cause. An entry in the "Parish Registers" has the following record: "On the fourteenth of March, 1643, Colonel Cromwell, with a Brigade of Horse, and certain foot, wch hee had from Yarmouth, came to this Towne and from thence carried away Prisoners Sir Thomas Barker and his brother, Sir John Pettis . . . with others to Cambridge . . . see that for some time following there was in this Towne neither Minister nor Clarke."

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

This is the season of the sea-serpent and the giant gooseberry, so I have no hesitation in introducing to your notice a little collection of fish stories which I have collected.

Merely to prove the superiority of deep-sea fishing, a couple of modest fishermen from the West of Ireland report a most unusual happening. After two days of poor fishing they hooked an unknown monster. While hauling it in they were startled by a tremendous shower of flying fish. Whether the fish were startled by the struggles of the leviathan under water or were attacking them they do not know. To keep their boat from being swamped they had to throw the fish overboard, and in the excitement the unknown monster escaped.

Next please! A lock-keeper on one of the upper reaches of the Thames tells of a case where an acquaintance recently dropped a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles in a deep lock. When the water was drawn a few days later a big fish was found in the precise spot patiently waiting with the spectacles astride its nose.

How's that last one—for a fishy yarn? Send me a better one on a post-card, and I will send you a prize. You'll deserve it.

What a time we should have if only the doctors could get their way! Just now the annual medical conferences are being held all over the country, and the papers are full of startling propositions for preserving the physical standard of the nation.

For instance, Sir James Crichton Browne tells us that every man ought to live to a hundred years. He has only to see that he is reared properly as an infant, has regular employment later in life, doesn't worry, doesn't drink alcohol, and never, never "hustles!" Perfectly simple, isn't it?

Doubtless it would also help us, although Sir James did not say so in his address, if we could arrange our marriages on the lines advocated by Professor Starr of Chicago. Professor Starr does not believe in young folks falling in love. He would have the habit displaced by an application of the science of anthropology.

I learn that instead of breathing soft vows under the moonlight, the young man, having first consulted the standard authorities, would set forth to the girl of his choice that he adored her on high and scientific grounds. "Angelina," the proper form of proposal would run, "I find that your temperamental qualities, anthropological measurements, and cranial characteristics make you the one girl

in the world for me. Will you be mine?" If she agreed with his theory, they would be wed. If she did not like his facial index, or preferred another cephalic type, she would read him a thesis setting forth her views, and promise to be a sister to him.

But, to be quite serious, there is no doubt that most of us could live longer and do better work if we looked after our health a little better than we do.

Watch a man with a delicate engine to look after—see how he nurses it, keeping every little piece of the mechanism clean and free from flaws. He knows that he cannot make it do its proper work unless it is in proper running order.

Yet how many men and women, whose whole livelihood depends upon their keeping fit, give more than a passing thought to their health until something begins to go wrong?

I hope I am not making this sound too much like a patent medicine advertisement, but I want to make you understand exactly what I mean. In these days of strenuous competition a man must look after himself almost as carefully as though he were a celebrated athlete. He must be perpetually in a fit state to get the best work out of himself that he can.

Dr. Haig-Brown, a well-known octogenarian, has put his rules of life in the form of verse. Here they are:

A diet temperate and spare,
Freedom from base financial care,
Abundant work, a little leisure,
Pursuit of duty, not of pleasure;
An even and contented mind
In charity with all mankind;
Some thoughts, too sacred for display
In the broad light of common day;
A peaceful home, a loving wife,
Children, who are a crown of life;
These may prolong the years of man
Beyond the Psalmist's narrow span.

Professor Boyd Laynard, who has written a book on "Beauty, Health, and Long Life," devotes no fewer than eleven chapters to the latter subject. Amongst his rules I find the following very excellent maxims:

Look upon fresh air as your best friend.

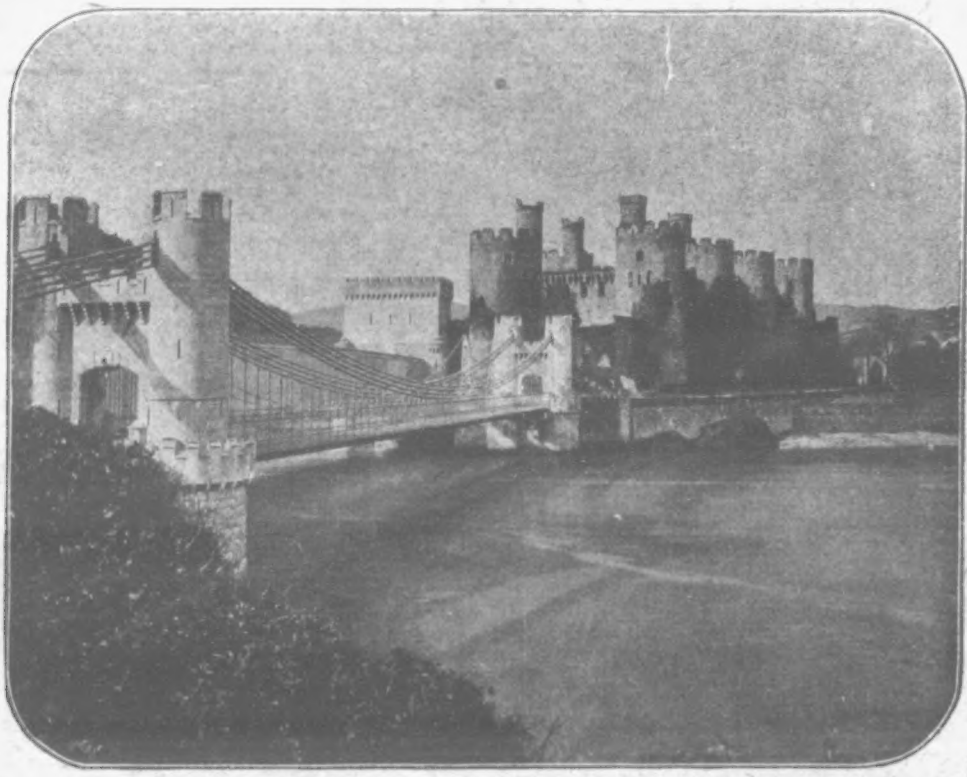
Avoid every kind of excess, especially in eating and drinking.

Beware of passion. Remember that every outburst shortens life to a certain degree, whilst occasionally it is fatal.

Have an object in life. A man who has no purpose to live for rarely lives long.

Seek a good partner in life; but not too early.

VALENTIA STEER.



CONWAY CASTLE, RHYL.

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